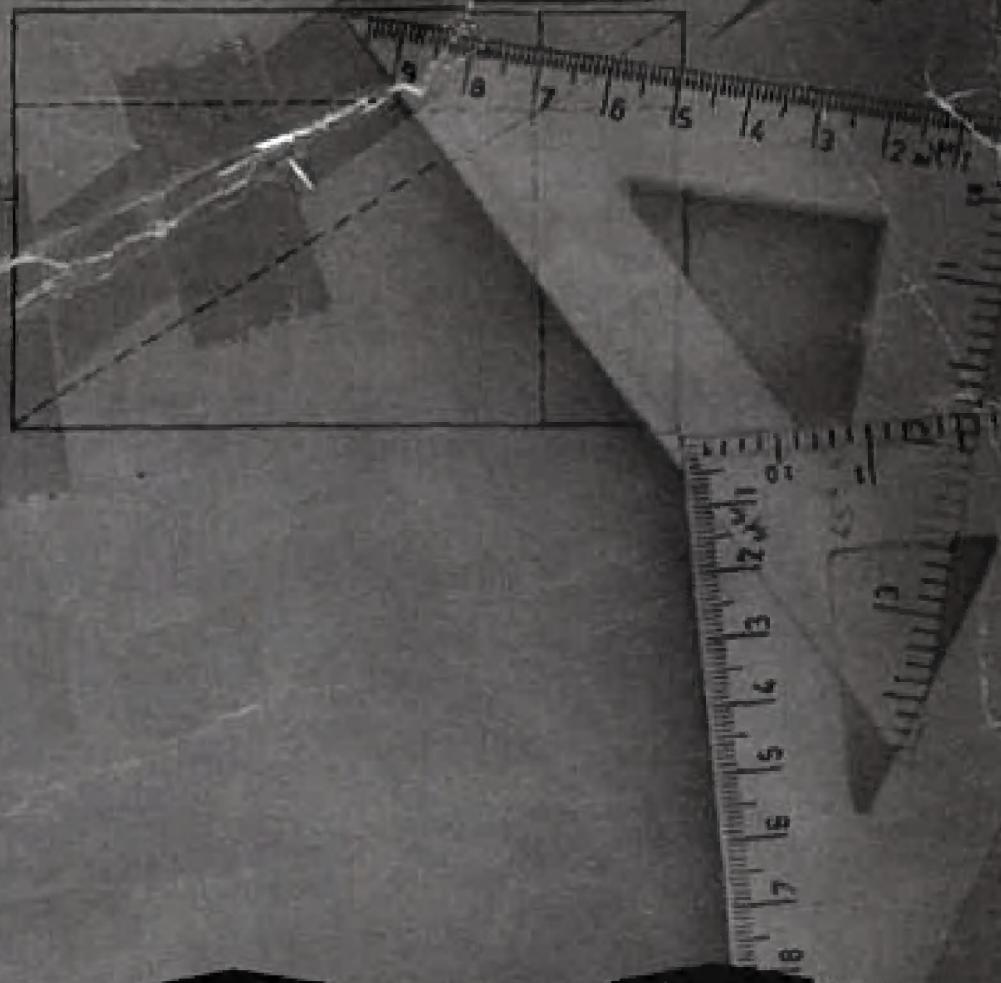


CHHIDAMANI

JANUARY 1980

Turn to Page 34
for the story of
FROM MYTHOLOGY

Theorem:
The shortest distance
to a genuine Parle Gluco biscuit
is through its name.



Gluco PARLE MONACO PARLE Krackjack



**Data: Being crisp,
fresh
and popular,
Parle biscuits
have many
imitators.**

To prove that: You can make a biscuit look like Parle, but you can't make it taste like one.

Proof: a) The name test:

Check the spelling of the name. Are you sure it's P-A-R-L-E, and not P-E-A-R-L or P-E-R-L-E? In the case of G-L-U-C-O, make sure it's not G-L-U-C-O-S-E.

Even if you should buy Parle Gluco loose, check the spelling on the biscuit to make sure it's genuine Parle Gluco.

b) The package test:

Look for the cute baby on our colourful pack. It's your guarantee of excellence.

c) The taste test:

Take a bite of the biscuit. If it's crisp and fresh, you can be sure it's a genuine Parle Gluco.

Q.E.D.



Their sum total is the finest enjoyment in biscuits.



ONLY A DENTIST CAN GIVE HER BETTER DENTAL CARE

Children in the age group of 5 to 15 can get cavities very easily. These are the cavity-prone years. So take your child to a dentist regularly for check-ups. But every day in your own home you can help prevent tooth decay so easily. By brushing your teeth with Colgate after every meal.

Bacteria grow in food particles left between teeth. These can cause bad odour and later, painful tooth decay. Colgate's unique active

foam reaches deep to remove dangerous food particles and bacteria. So teach your child to brush with Colgate after every meal. Children love to brush regularly with Colgate. Because it has a fresh, minty taste.



For cleaner, fresher breath and whiter teeth more people buy Colgate than any other toothpaste in the world!

DC.G.70.79

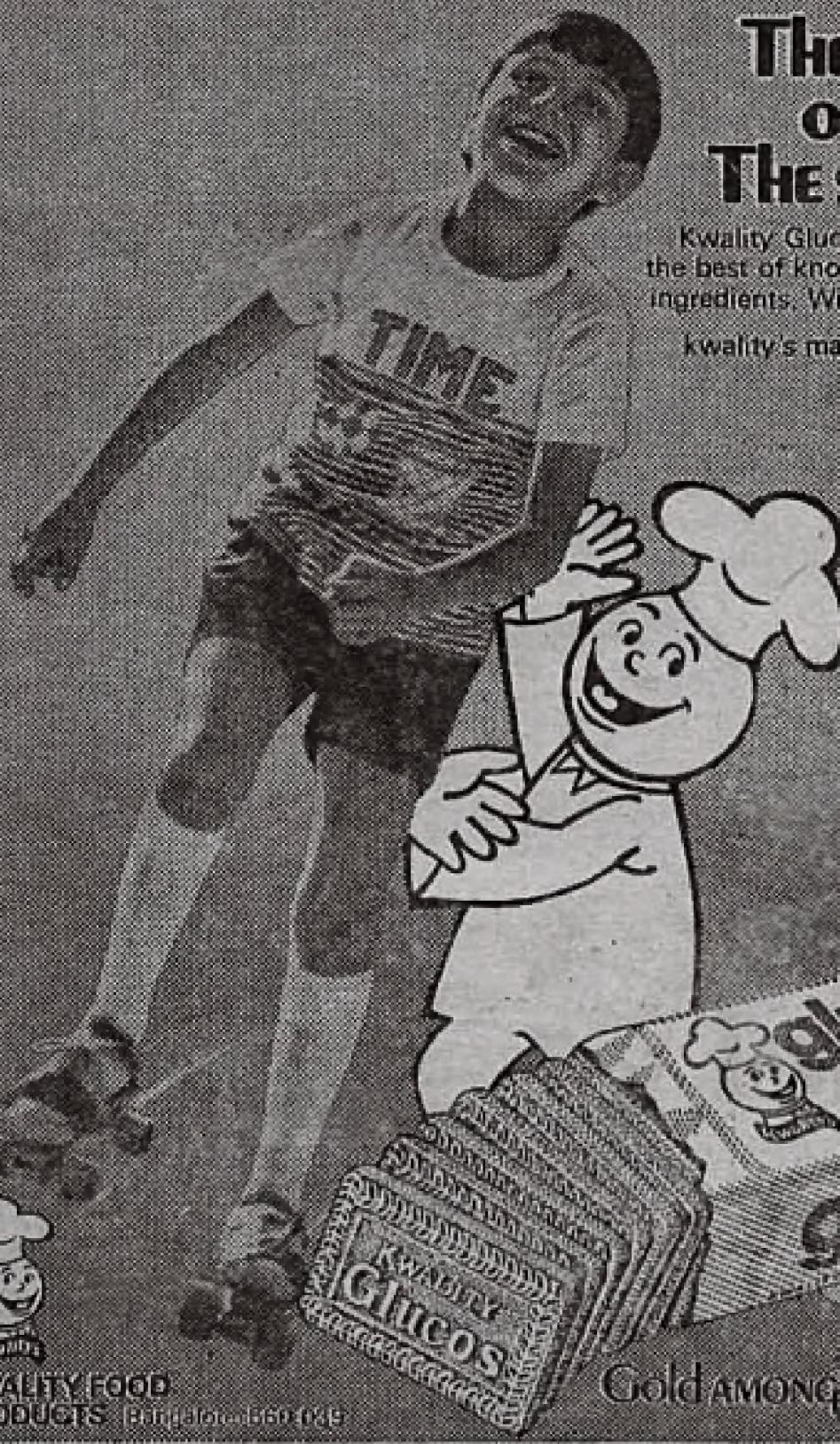
ENERGY WITH EXTRA DRIVE

**KWALITY
Glucos**

**THE TASTE
OF ENERGY.
THE SWEET WAY.**

Kwality Glucos biscuits. Made with the best of know-how. From the best of ingredients. With the best of equipment.

Kwality's make **SUPERIOR** biscuits



**KWALITY FOOD
PRODUCTS** Bangalore 560 049

Gold AMONG glucos biscuits

CAS-KFP-7941

Raju paints without brush

Raju Paints without brush.

Raju was a clumsy boy. He liked to paint no doubt. But always used to spill water from the bowl, smudge the floor, spoil his hands and clothes.

Which mother would tolerate such things? 'No more painting' said his mother.

Mohan felt sorry for Raju
He showed him his
box of oil pastels.
No water, no brush, no spilling
and smudging.

Just pick the pastels from the
box and start drawing — what
a range of colours!

Parrot green, Lobster orange
Peacock blue, Sunflower yellow
and many many more.

Now Raju's mother too has
bought him a box of oil pastels.

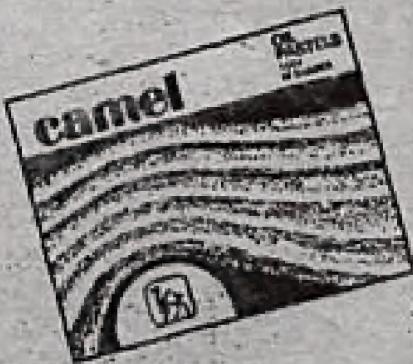


VISION 79

camel

OIL PASTELS

Available in
12, 24 & 48 shades



CAMLIN PVT. LTD.,
ART MATERIAL DIVISION
BOMBAY 400 029.



FROM MAKERS OF CAMLIN
UNBREAKABLE PENCILS

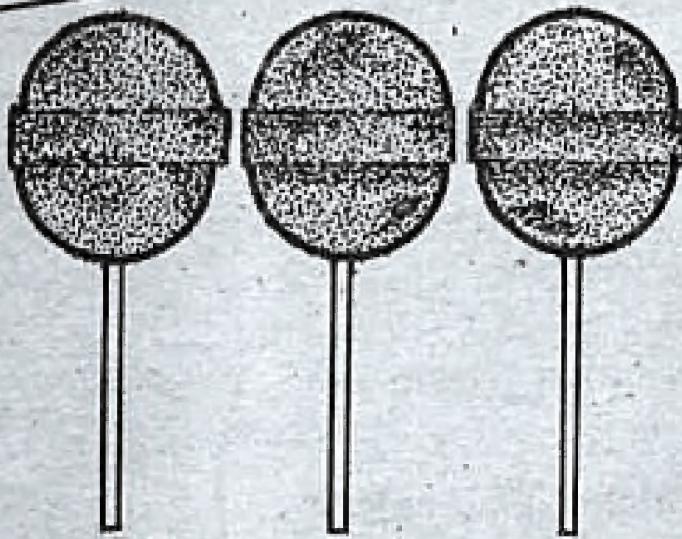


Results of Chandamama—Camlin Colouring Contest No. 11 (English)

1st Prize: Master Sasanka Sekhar Sahoo, Bhubaneswar. *2nd Prize:* Soneji Kanu Himat Lal, Ahmedabad-1. *3rd Prize:* Roma S. Mehta, Jaykaynagar, Pin: 713 337. *Consolation Prizes:* A. Karuramaji, Bangalore-20; Sudesh Banaji, Bangalore-560 010; Vijaya, Hyderabad-500 028; Patsy Patrao, Bangalore-560 002; T. Negeeswari, Arkonam.

Children love it
The young adore it
The old like it

THE WONDER
CHUPACHUP LOLLIPOP
FOR ALL AGES



HARNIK

FOOD INDUSTRIES, PUNE.

Insist on Harniks
CHUPACHUP Lollipop





IN THIS ISSUE

THREE PRINCESSES: Continuing the fairytale novella ... *Page 11*

A THIEF IN THE TUNNEL: The wicked landlord is out to steal Mintoo's treasure ... *Page 16*

THE TWO ABDULLAHS: An Arabian Night tale of a strange country under the sea ... *Page 19*

LES MISERABLES: Story of a great French novel ... *Page 26*

FILLING THE PIT: A Jataka Story of great significance ... *Page 31*

FROM MYTHOLOGY TO HISTORY: Beginning the new phase of the pictorial series ... *Page 34*

A GARDEN IN THE SKY: Beginning the new series on man-made marvels ... *Page 38*

THE SENTINEL OVER THE CITY: Our young travellers go to see the Minar of Delhi ... *Page 48*

RANI CHANNAMMA: Beginning our series on freedom-fighters ... *Page 50*

**PLUS SEVEN STORIES
AND SEVEN OTHER FEATURES**



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

अप्रियवचनदरिद्रैः प्रियवचनाद्यैः स्वदारपरितुष्टैः ।

परपरिवादनिष्टते वचित्वचिन्मण्डिता वसुधा ॥

*Apriyavacanadaridraih priyavacanādhyaih svadāraparitustaih
Paraparivādanivrttaih kvacitkvacinmaṇḍitā vasudhā*

The world is not adorned by many people who are poor in unpleasant speech, rich in pleasant speech, not lustful, and averse to speaking ill of others.

— *Subhasitaratnabhandagaram*

Printed by B. V. REDDI at Prasad Process Private Ltd., and published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI for CHANDAMAMA CHILDREN'S TRUST FUND (Prop. of Chandamama Publications), 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras-600 026 (India). Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI.

The stories, articles and designs contained herein are exclusive property of the Publishers and copying or adapting them in any manner will be dealt with according to law.

CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 10

JANUARY 1980

No. 7

Founder : CHAKRAPANI

"STORY OF INDIA" ENTERS NEW PHASE

We began the pictorial series, STORY OF INDIA, from the January, 1977 issue of the *Chandamama*. The bunch of 36 features presented during the past three years were no random selection of anecdotes from mythology and legends: They were chosen with great care, after a perusal of numerous sources, so that each one made a distinct contribution to the exposition of India's heritage. Those who have followed them, must have cultivated their acquaintance with various significant aspects of the Indian consciousness. We concluded the first part of the series with the recollection of the last great journey of the Pandavas.

From this issue, we emerge from mythology and step into history. We propose to present a series of memorable episodes from our past. As in the earlier features in this series, we shall strive, as far as possible, to cover a complete episode in each instalment.

We hope, our efforts will help our readers enjoy and appreciate the history of India.



LET US KNOW

Can you kindly give an introductory note on the Vedanta and the Upanishads? Who are the authors of the Upanishads?

V. N. Kumar,
Cochin.

Vedanta is the term used to mean the philosophy of the Upanishads, collectively. *Vedanta* literally means the end of the Vedas. No doubt, the Upanishads were written after the Vedas, but those who used the term *Vedanta* perhaps meant that one ought to read the Upanishads, after reading the Vedas, in order to understand some of the Vedic ideas better.

Some of the Upanishads are affiliated to the Vedas. *Aitareya* and *Kausitaki*, for example, belong to the *Rigveda*. The *Chhandogya* and *Kena* belong to the *Sama Veda*, and *Taittiriya*, *Katha*, *Svetasvatara*, *Brihadaranyaka*, *Isha*, *Prasna*, *Mandukya* and *Mundaka* Upanishads belong to the *Yajurveda*.

We get the stories of great young seekers - like Nachiketa - from the Upanishads. The stories are often symbolic. We have presented a number of Upanishadic characters and stories in your magazine, through narratives and pictures.

There are one hundred and eight Upanishads in all, most of them composed by illustrious seers of the past.

They are mostly composed in prose. But some of them are verses too. The important ones among them are remarkable for their philosophical depth as well as poetic imagery.

(Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.)

THREE PRINCESSES

5

(Before the eyes of the king and the queen the three sweet little princesses were taken away by three strange Vultures. Searches yielded no result. At this juncture three young brothers, triplets, met the king and offered to go out in quest of the lost girls. Provided with horses and swords, they rode out.)

The Dwarf Wizard

"Do you remember what the minister said? Once one of the princesses had set her teeth on a poisonous fruit that had been dropped by a vulture. That kind of fruit grew only in the deep forest of the north," said Kumar as the three brothers approached the Kingdom's frontier.

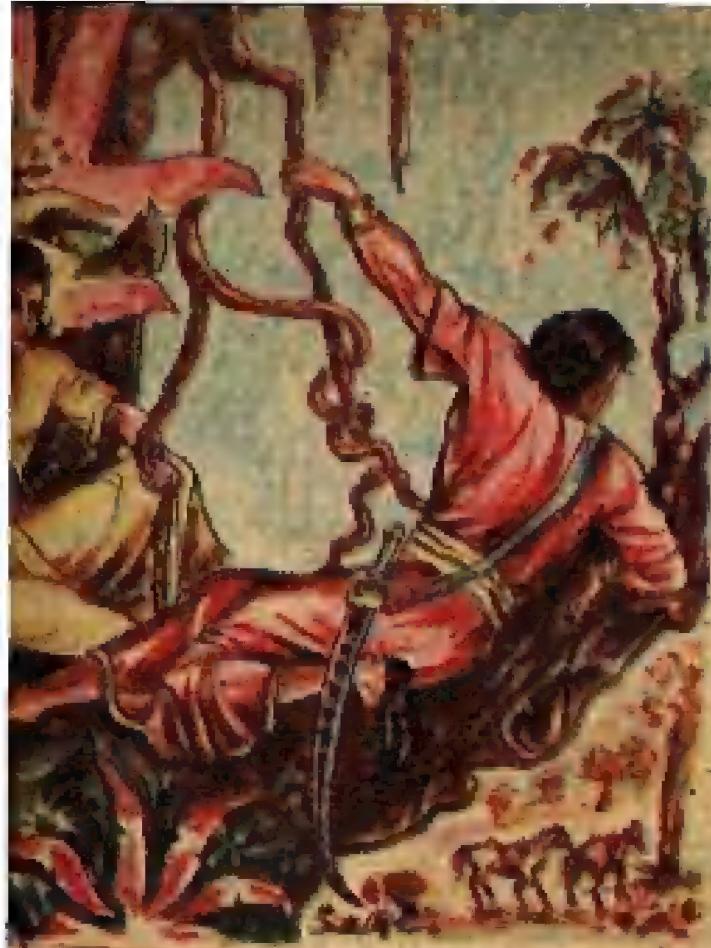
"Right. The three vultures which took away the princesses had surely something to do with the one that had dropped the fruit," commented Nishith.

"It'd be in fitness of things for us to proceed northward," observed Udayan.

They galloped forth, throwing alert glances in every direction. By late in the afternoon they had left behind them the last village in the kingdom. There followed a vast meadow. The sun set to their left, spraying mellow golden beams over the horizon.

By evening they entered the forest. It was dusky outside, but inside darkness was gathe-





ring fast.

Although they took note of things around them, they had neglected to look up. The sky was fast growing gloomy. Soon a thunder-storm broke out. The three brothers stopped under a tree.

"I've heard that in this region rain comes as suddenly as it subsides," said Nishith.

"Even if it subsides soon, we cannot spend the whole night in the open. Just wait. Let me take a round and see if there is any hill nearby. If there is a hill, there ought to be some caves in it," said Udayan and he turned his horse.

As expected, the rain subsided in a short while. But Udayan was not to be seen even though an hour passed. By then the forest had become completely dark.

"Should we go to look for him?" asked Nishith.

"It was a mistake to let him go alone. Now, if we leave this place, he would not know what to do upon his return," said Kumar.

But they could not continue to rest on their horses indefinitely. They tied the animals to the tree and climbed it and relaxed on a stout branch.

Udayan had in fact lost his way. Something that appeared to him as a hillock turned out to be a clump of densely situated trees. However, he made a welcome discovery. He saw a house which looked deserted. On entering it, he felt that someone lived in it nevertheless. "If the house has a resident, he won't mind our spending a night with him, I'm sure," he thought and left it, anxious to return to his brothers.

Little could Udayan have imagined what was happening to his two brothers in the meanwhile. As the two sat straining their eyes to locate Udayan,

Nishith asked, "What is it I feel around my waist?"

"What is it, indeed? I too feel something hairy gripping me!" said Kumar.

Next moment they heard a weird laughter. Looking down, they could see the outline of a figure at the foot of the tree. Soon they found out what the fellow was doing. He had extended his beard up. Its end, like a serpent, had taken hold of Kumar and Nishith together.

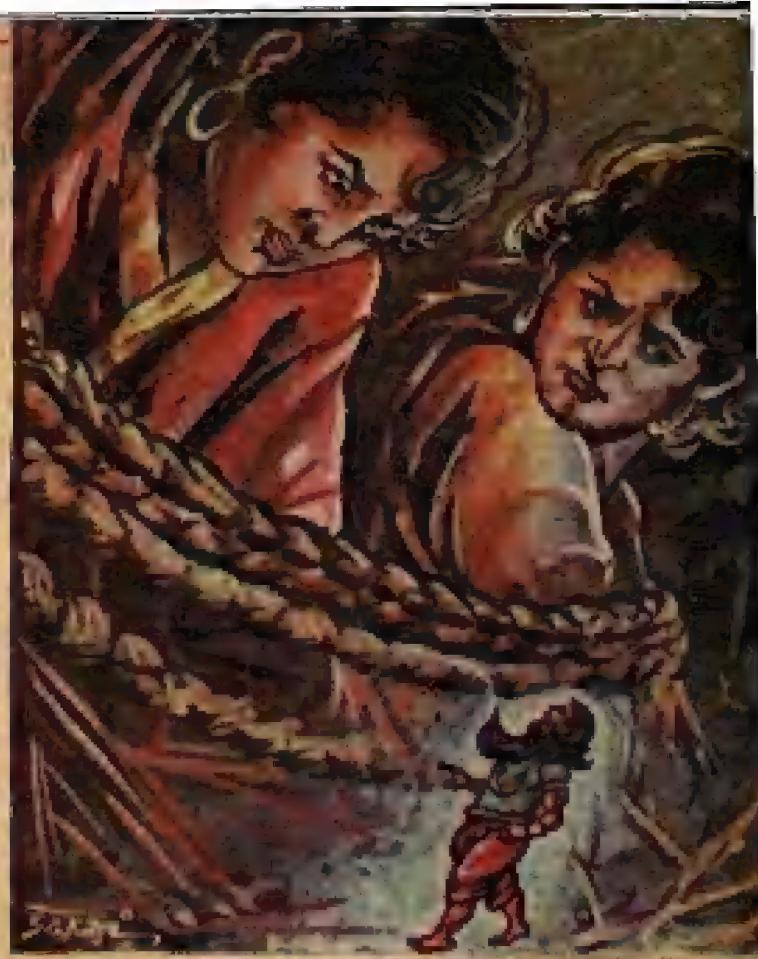
It was a bizarre experience. There swords too had fallen into the grip of the magic beard. As they struggled to release their swords, the fellow gave a rude pull. Both came tumbling down.

The fellow began walking, giving out gleeful titters, dragging his captives along.

The two brothers tried to resist the pull. Their captor got annoyed and shouted at them, "Don't you pull my beard, I say!"

"But is it not your beard that is pulling us?" Nishith ventured to say. They observed that their captor was a dwarf.

The fellow laughed. "Had you ever heard of such a beard? Ha ha!!" He suddenly stopped and took out a small casket from



his pocket. He opened it and threw a little of its content on the two horses. Instantly the horses became invisible.

"Strange!" muttered Nishith.

The fellow seemed quite encouraged. "I hope, you understand that you are prisoners in the hands of the world's greatest wizard. You ought not to make any effort at making good your escape."

He dragged the two into the very house Udayan had seen and threw them in a corner. Nishith gave a sudden jerk. "Ah!" cried out the fellow. A few drops of blood rushed out of his chin and fell on the



the forest was no secret to the dwarf.

"Shut up!" yelled the dwarf. "Don't try to threaten me. For every rude word you utter, you shall be punished!"

The dwarf went out, laughing and jumping.

Nishith and Kumar felt queer. What should they do to come out of this most unusual situation? They wished from the cores of their hearts that Udayan at least remained free.

And to their delight, suddenly Udayan appeared before them. He was looking agitated and tired.

"What is this? Who brought you here? Where are your horses?" he asked. Then, looking at Nishith's invisible arm, he gave out a cry of horror.

"Brother, before you hear our story, first hide your horse inside a bush. Otherwise our captor, who must be somewhere around, would see the horse and come to know that you are here," advised Kumar.

Udayan went out and hid the horse. Upon his return he heard in brief the strange experience that had befallen his brothers.

"Now, you must show as if we have never met. I must hide

ground.

"You are a very wicked boy. It seems you have no respect for my beard. Well, you deserve some punishment," blurted out the dwarf. He then brought out some powder from his pocket and sprinkled a pinch of it on Nishith's right arm. The arm became invisible.

He then bound them together with a string of thick rope and said, "Keep quiet till I am back. It seems another like you is still at large. I must capture him too."

"You are to die in his hand!" exclaimed Kumar when he realised that Udayan's presence in

and spy upon the wizard. We have to find out what he intends to do with us," whispered Udayan.

By then it was already dawn.

Scarcely had he finished saying this when the dwarf's voice was heard at some distance. He was swearing angrily.

Udayan sprang out and hid behind a bush.

The dwarf entered the house. He was looking irritated. Surveying his prisoners, he said, "Don't think that because I could not get hold of the third fellow at night, he can continue to evade me. I shall be out soon again."

He then sprinkled some ashes on the two and made them invisible. After a gleeful laugh,

he went over to the adjoining room. He took out his shirt and hung it on the wall. Then he took out a string of leads from his neck. That too he hung near his shirt.

A Miracle happened as soon as the fellow took off the string. He grew up to the normal size of a man. Even his beard disappeared. He stretched himself on his bed and was soon heard snoring.

Udayan tiptoed into the fellow's room. Quietly he put on the string around his own neck. Lo and behold, he was reduced to a dwarf with a readymade beard! He then put on the shirt and discovered three different powders in its pockets.

It was now his turn to laugh.

→ *To Continue*



ADVENTURES OF MINTOO

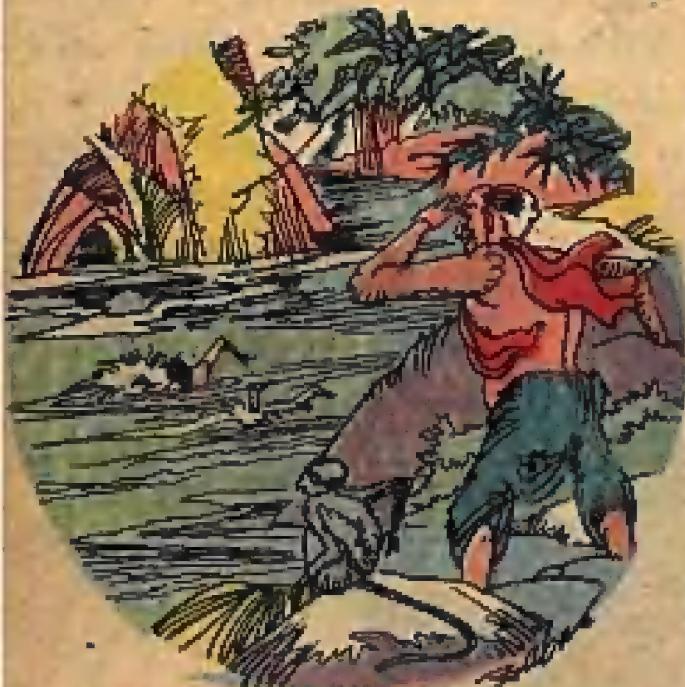
A THIEF IN THE TUNNEL



The notorious gang of bandits that harassed the villagers was captured through Mintoo's trickery. Mintoo then took leave of the villagers. They gave him the horse that had served him so well.



A wicked landlord who was a patron of the gang knew about Mintoo distributing gold coins to the villagers. Disguised as a poor man, he met Mintoo near the forest.



Mintoo took pity on him. He led him into the forest. He then made a dive into the river and entered the tunnel in order to fetch some coins for the false beggar.



The landlord, with keen eyes, observed what Mintoo did. Mintoo soon returned with a handful of gold coins and gave them to the false beggar.



At night the landlord swum towards the hill, took a dip, and succeeded in entering the tunnel. But, he lost his way in the dark labyrinth. Where is gold?



For two days he crawled about and groped his way. He then began shouting for help. While playing on the hill with Mintoo, Meena heard the cry coming from under the rocks.



Curious, Mintoo entered the tunnel and found the landlord looking quite miserable. The fellow clutched at Mintoo's feet and prayed to be rescued.



The landlord promised that he will never enter the forest again. Mintoo sealed the fellow's eyes and led him out of the tunnel.

Next: **MINTOO KIDNAPPED!**

APPETITE RESTORED

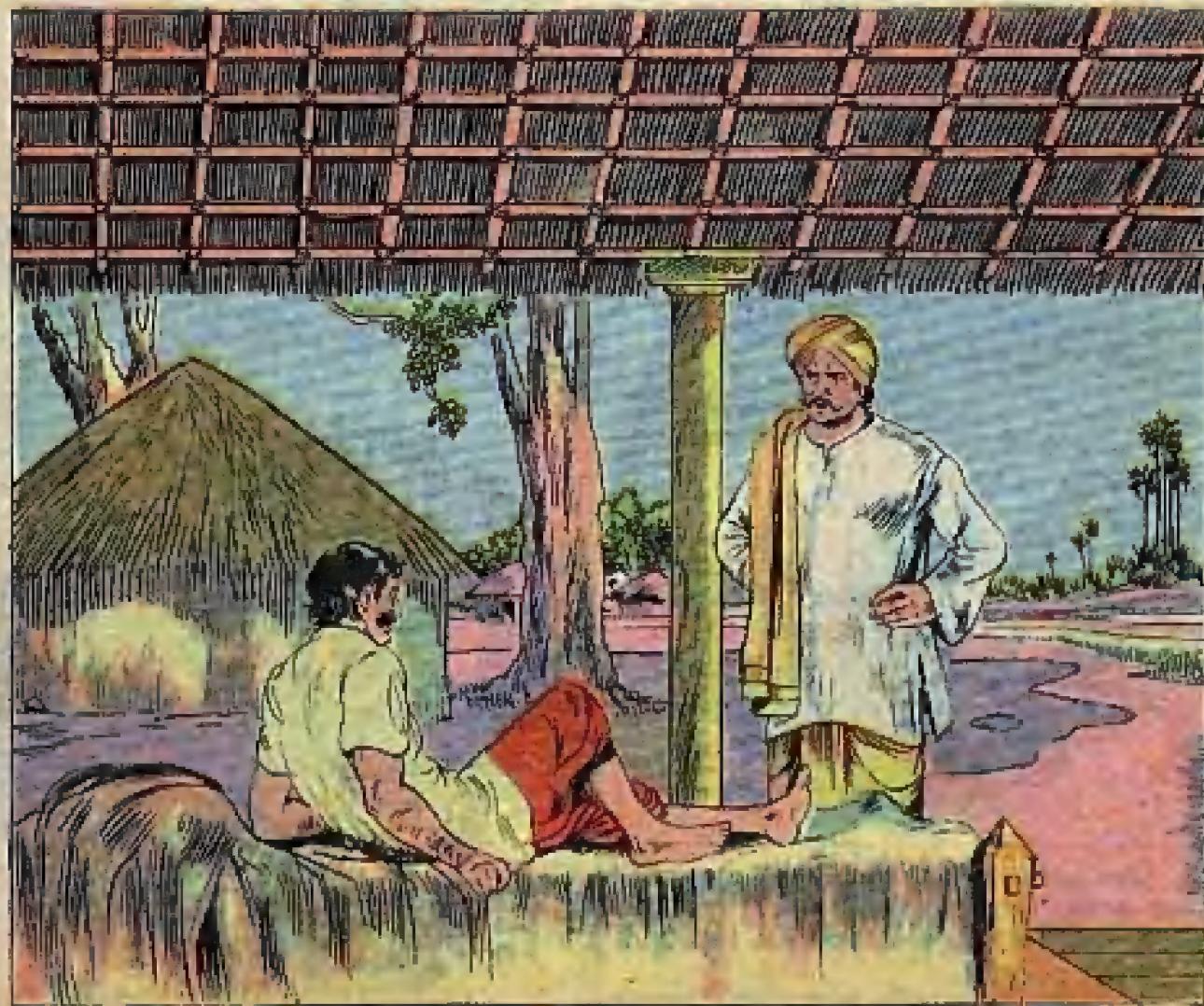
Bhojansingh, who lived in his brother-in-law Gupta's house, was never satisfied with the quantity of food he ate, however great be it. He worked at Gupta's shop, but often absented himself running about in search of good food here and there. He was never tired of complaining of hunger. Gupta's work suffered.

Gupta found out a hermit who gave him a magic powder. One who took it never felt pangs of hunger.

Gupta treated Bhojansingh to the powder. To his own great surprise, Bhojansingh forgot hunger.

Gupta was delighted. But next day he did not see Bhojansingh at the shop. Since Bhojansingh had no need for food, he had no need to work either!

Gupta ran to the hermit again with request to restore Bhojansingh's appetite.



THE TWO ABDULLAHS

Once upon a time there was a fisherman named Abdullah who was very poor. Everyday he devoted hours to throwing his net into the river. He carried to the bazar whatever fish he caught. He bought his necessities with the price he got by selling his fish.

But one day he could catch no fish. Even the next day brought him no luck. He was tired and hungry. But disappointment made him quite adamant. He walked along the riverbank, casting his net into

the water time and again. He reached the spot where the river met the sea. Standing knee-deep in the water, he threw his net vigorously into the confluence. Then, when he began pulling it, he found the net heavy. For a moment his heart was filled with joy. "I have caught big fish, I'm sure," he mumbled to himself.

But, as he looked on, a human head popped up before him.

"You have caught me!" exclaimed the fellow, still sub-





merged in the water to his neck.

"Who are you?" asked the amazed Abdullah.

"I am Abdullah," replied the fellow.

"Don't say so. I am Abdullah. You can ask all my neighbours about it," said Abdullah the fisherman.

"You may be Abdullah of the land. But I am Abdullah of the sea. We sea-people live far inside the ocean. I had swum into the river only to see if I could get any sweet fruit of your earth. Sometimes they come floating and we like them very much. But here I am, caught up in your net!" said Abdullah of the

sea with a sigh.

"Don't you worry. I am going to release you forthwith," said Abdullah of the land, also with a sigh. "You are as worthless to me as a tree-trunk. If you are fond of fruits, I can give you some, tomorrow, if you come here," he added.

"Will you? In exchange I will give you pearls and precious stones. Sea abounds in them," said Abdullah of the sea.

Abdullah of the land helped the other Abdullah to get out of the net and both parted.

Next day Abdullah of the land collected some fruits and, when it was night, went near the confluence and called out for his namesake. Abdullah of the sea came out and received a sackful of fruits. He looked delighted. Asking the fisherman to wait a moment, he disappeared. Soon he returned with a sack filled with pearls and dazzling stones.

The two agreed to meet once a week and exchange gifts.

Next day the fisherman went to the town with his pearls and stones and tried to sell them to the richest jeweller in the bazar.

The jeweller, casting just one

look at the sack, shouted for his servants to take hold of Abdullah. "We hear that some jewels are stolen from the Sultan's collection. This fellow must be the thief!" he declared.

Abdullah's protest went unheeded. He received blows and slaps and was led to the Sultan's court.

But the Sultan, after examining Abdullah's wealth, said that they were not the stolen goods. Abdullah then narrated how he came to get them.

"We had heard about the human inhabitants of the sea. But we knew of nobody who had seen any of them. Now here you are! You have not only seen one of those strange creatures, but also have befriended him. You deserve to become a nobleman in my court," said the Sultan.

Abdullah soon became the Sultan's favourite. He visited the confluence every week with the best of fruits grown in the royal orchard and returned with a sack of invaluable stones and pearls. In course of time he married the Sultan's daughter and came to reside in the palace.

One day he proposed to Abdullah of the sea, "Can't I once visit your dwelling?"



Abdullah of the sea could not turn down his friend's request. He put a mysterious ointment in his friend's eyes. That enabled Abdullah of the land to see everything clearly under the water.

The under-water country of the sea-people was wonderful. There pearls and diamonds were as common as pebbles. Their customs fascinated Abdullah of the land. He spent a few days in the company of those people. The two Abdullahs grew even more fond of each other.

On the day Abdullah of the land was to leave the strange under-water world, he heard

shouts of joy and laughter coming from one of the buildings.

"What makes them rejoice?" he asked his host.

"One of our people is dead," was the reply.

"What! One is dead and instead of weeping, your people are rejoicing at it!" exclaimed Abdullah of the land with surprise.

"What strange words do you speak! One is dead, that is, he had gone back to our Maker, God. Instead of rejoicing, must we cry? What an idea! Do you fellows do that?" asked Abdullah of the sea, still more surprised.

"Indeed, we cry when one

dear to us dies," confessed Abdullah of the land.

"Then you fellows do not have faith in God's wisdom. Is it not foolish of you to be happy when God sends one to be born, but to be sorry when he calls one back?" asked Abdullah of the sea.

Abdullah of the land tried to answer him, but failed.

They were near the confluence. "When do we meet again?" asked Abdullah of the land, climbing to the bank.

"You fellows do not know how to respect God. There is no more meeting between us!" answered Abdullah of the sea, and he disappeared.



THE VILLAGE NYMPH

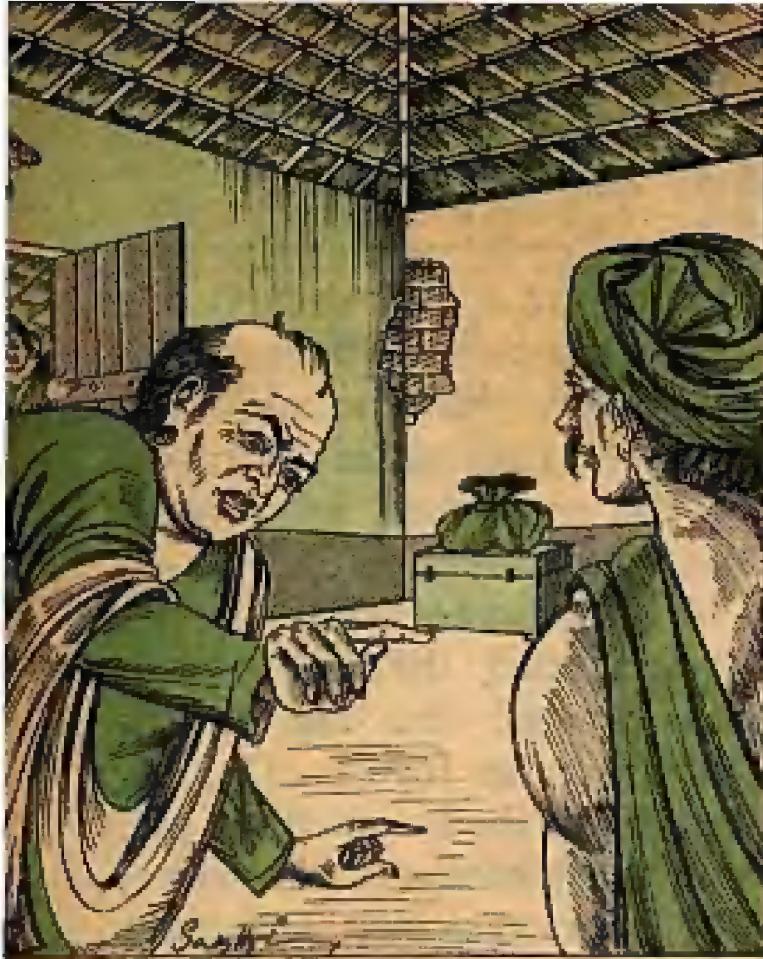
There was a poor man who borrowed some money from a moneylender. He hoped that some day there will be a wind-fall in his life and he would be able to repay his debt.

The money-lender continued helping the poor man. But he did so only with a selfish motive. The poor man had a beautiful young daughter. The villagers called her a nymph and everyone loved to talk to her. The money-lender was no exception.

But he had a rosy dream—that was to marry the village nymph. He waited while the amount of interest on the money borrowed by the poor man grew bigger and bigger.

A time came when the money-lender found that the amount had become too big for the poor man to repay. One day he went to the house of the poor man and demanded his money. The poor man had nothing to do but shed tears. The money-





pebbles. If she picks the black pebble, she becomes my wife and I cancel your debt. If she picks out the white one, she need not marry me but I still forget your debt. If you refuse to this proposal, I will not hesitate to see that you are thrown into jail."

The poor man had to agree to the proposal. They called some witnesses and all went out into the field. The ground abounded in pebbles. The old money-lender stopped down to pick up two. The poor man closed his eyes in prayer. The witnesses looked on vaguely. But the village nymph did not fail to notice that the money-lender picked up two black pebbles—instead of one black and one white—and put them into his bag. He then asked the girl to pick out one of the two.

The girl alone knew what a problem she faced. If she exposed the money-lender by claiming that both the pebbles in his bag were black, she would only annoy him. He might throw her father into prison. If she refused to participate in the game, the money-lender would do the same.

And, if she took out one of the two black pebbles, she must

lender pretended to take pity on him and proposed a solution.

"If you are unable to repay my money, you can marry off your daughter to me. Remember, you can never dream of a more wealthy son-in-law!" he said.

The poor man and his daughter were shocked. Sensing that they were not ready to accept the offer straightaway, the money-lender planned to play a trick on them.

"Well, let us leave the matter to the gods. I will put a black pebble and a white pebble into an empty bag. Let your daughter pick out one of the two

become the wife of the loathsome fellow.

She prayed to God. Something in her told of another way to solve the problem. "Trick for trick," she muttered. "That's the way to solve the problem."

The girl put her hand into the bag and drew out a pebble. Next moment she made it slip from her hand. It fell on the ground and was lost among the numerous pebbles.

"What a fool I am!" cried out the girl. "The chosen pebble is lost. What to do now?" She paused and then said, "But that

doesn't matter. If we look into the bag we can find out which pebble is left. That will inform us which one I had taken out!"

"That's right, child!" agreed the witnesses.

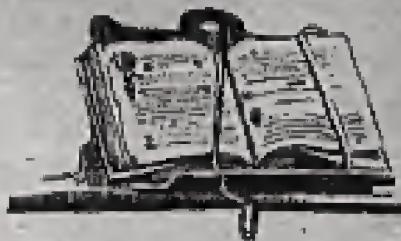
The money-lender was at his wit's end. He stood drawing a long miserable face! His bag showed a black pebble. The witnesses concluded that the girl had chosen the white one.

The village nymph not only saved herself from the money-lender's ugly clutch, but also saved her father from the burden of his debt.

— Mr. P. Raja



STORY OF WORLD'S FAMOUS BOOKS



It is a cold night in a town in Southern France. Police catches a fellow who looks like a thief.

From his person they recover some silver which they know to be the bishop's. They lead the man to the bishop. But to their surprise—and to no less surprise of the accused—the bishop says that he had made a gift of the silver to the man.

Jean Valjean, who in fact had stolen the silver, knew for the first time what compassion was.

Valjean was a peasant. To save his family from starvation he had once stolen a loaf of bread. On account of that offence he had been condemned to serve as a slave in the galleys. Every time he tried to escape, he got some years at the galleys as punishment. He had served for nineteen years before being set free—and had seen much of the beast in man.

The bishop's behaviour gives a new turn to Valjean's life. He sets up a factory in another town and becomes prosperous as well as popular. He becomes the mayor of the town.

An ex-convict cannot become a mayor. Valjean, of course, is known by another name. But

the Police Inspector, Javert, suspects him. Javert is about to expose him when a man supposed to be Valjean is arrested for some crime.

But Valjean cannot suffer someone else to be punished for his own record as a criminal. He goes to the court and declares who he really is and goes back to the galleys.

Years pass. Valjean escapes again. He had hidden a fortune which he had earned as a factory-owner. He adopts a poor girl, Cosette, and both go to live in Paris.

Cosette falls in love with a young man, Marius, who is a revolutionary. In 1832 fighting breaks out between the revolutionaries and the king's soldiers. Valjean too is involved, in support of the revolutionaries. Nobody knows his true identity except Javert who is still dogging him. During the fighting it so happens that Javert is at Valjean's mercy. Valjean could kill him and be in peace. But

LES MISERABLES

in a compassionate gesture, Valjean allows his enemy to escape.

Javert feels extremely guilty for having harassed as noble a man as Valjean. He kills himself.

Marius is wounded in the battle. Valjean, in a daring move, carries him to his grandfather's place. Now that he is

sure that Cosette and Marius would marry, he wants to disappear from the young couple's world lest they should feel embarrassed when they know that he had been a convict. Before leaving them, he bestows all his wealth on Cosette.

But the grateful couple hurries to him when he is about to die. It is a happy reunion.

Les Misérables of Victor Hugo (1802-85), the great French novelist, dramatist and poet, in one of the most popular works in fiction in the world.





THE VALUE OF THE STATUE

Once upon a time there was a king whose one desire in life was to grow popular. No doubt, he did his best to please his subjects. He had created a post of headman in every village and had appointed a prominent villager to the post. Once a year he called a meeting of all the headmen.

In their annual meetings, the headmen generally praised the king. At the same time they brought to his notice whatever problems their villages faced. The king took steps to solve the problems.

"Never in the history of our Kingdom was there a King who

was loved so much!" a headman would say.

"Why in history of our Kingdom alone? Was there ever a King in all the neighbouring Kingdoms who could rival our King in popularity?" would say another.

The King, though a good man, was quite flattered by such comments.

When the king was quite sure that the people loved him very much, he made his statues adore all the villages. No doubt, people derived much benefit from their king. So they regularly garlanded the statue. In many villages they grew gardens

around the king's statue.

When the king learnt how his statues were treated, he was delighted.

In the next conference of the headmen, Suryakant, the headman of Nigampur informed the king that his villages suffered much due to scarcity of water. The king made arrangements for potfuls of water to be brought from a river in a cart and distributed among the villagers.

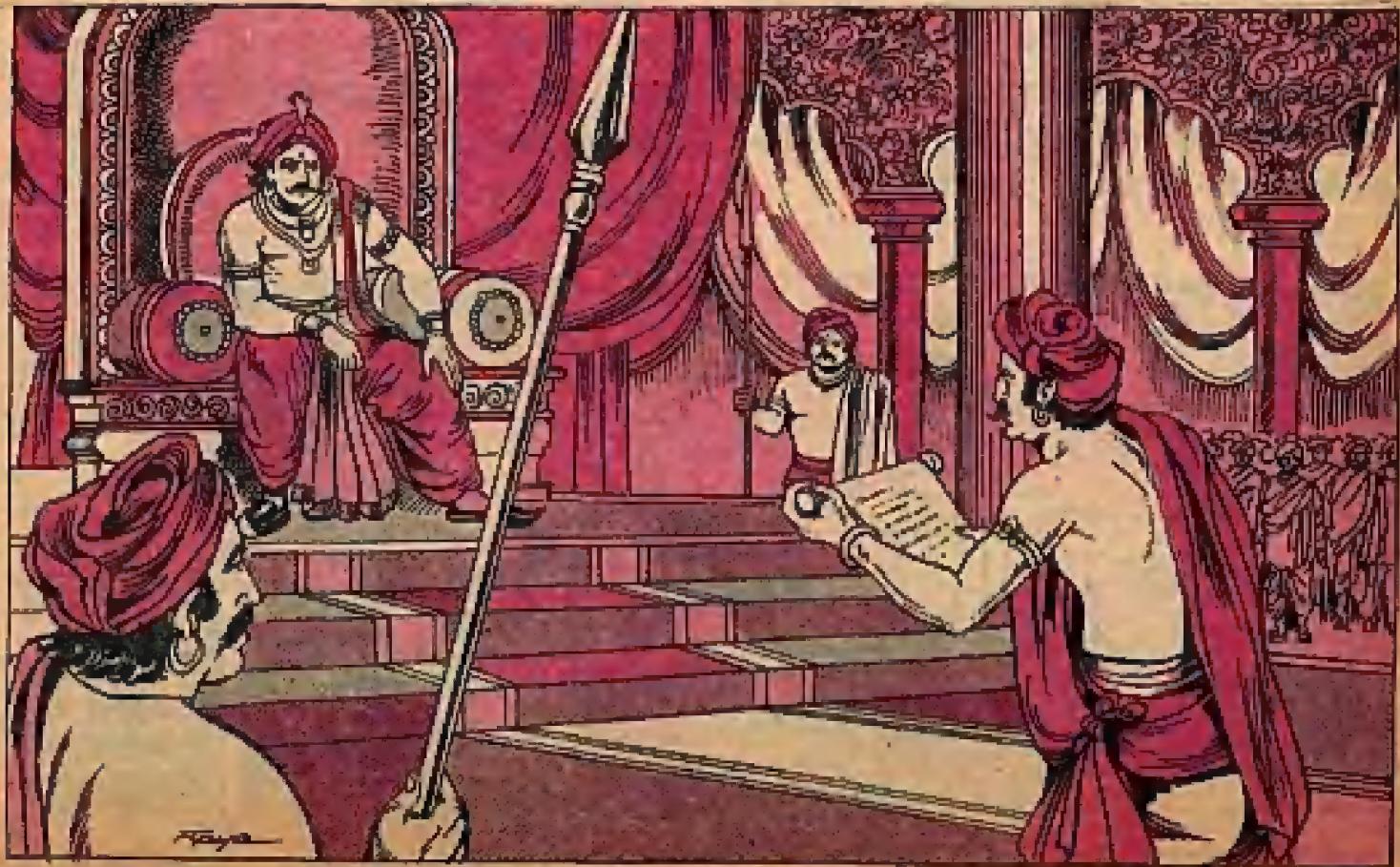
But the arrangement did not work satisfactorily. Those villagers who were influential claimed more water. Poor families continued to suffer.

Suryakant told the king,

"Your Majesty, we are grateful to you for the arrangements you have made. But, the system is not dependable. The cart may break down, the carter may fall ill. The best course will be to send a team of water-diviners. They can point out the ground under which water can be found. We can dig wells following their indication."

The king sent a team of experts. They examined every part of the village and found that there was only one chunk of ground which could yield water. But that is the ground on which stood the king's statue.

The team and Suryakant re-



ported their finding to the king and said, "The statue must be shifted to another place if water is to be struck."

"How dare you propose such a step!" blurted out the king. "Don't you realise how sacred is my statue to the people?"

He dismissed Suryakant from his post and took the experts to task. However, in order to remove the difficulty of the people of Nigampur, he arranged for two carts to supply water to them instead of one. He had no doubt in his mind that the villagers would feel grateful to him.

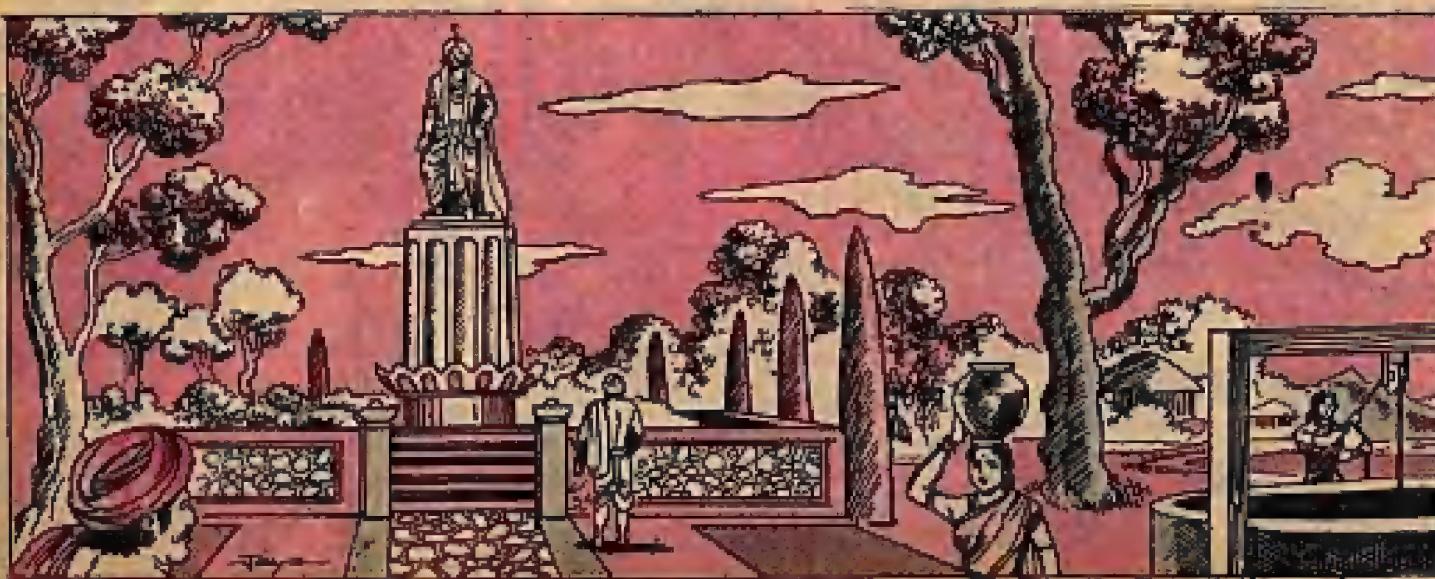
A year passed. One day the king donned a disguise and paid a visit to Nigampur. To his great surprise, he saw that his statue stood neglected. Wild shrubs grew around it. Nobody cared to garland it.

Only then did the king realise that water was much more valuable to the villagers than his statue. They had grown an aversion for the statue which deprived them of water.

The king, upon returning to the palace, ordered for the statue to be shifted. Further, he ordered for two wells to be dug on the ground where the statue stood earlier. He also restored Suryakant to his position and apologised to the experts.

A year later the king visited Nigampur again. He observed that the villagers had grown a garden around his statue and the statue was duly garlanded.

The incident proved to be of great value to the king. He went on doing good for his people, but without giving much importance to the people's praise for him.



FROM MYTHOLOGY TO HISTORY

How old is the Indian civilisation? Who were the earliest inhabitants of this ancient land? No easy answers are available to such questions. Tradition says that many civilisations have been wiped off by deluges. The phenomena are called *Pralaya*.



The Vedas composed by the great seers of a remote past show that we had a civilisation which gave the highest priority to man's quest for God, Light, Freedom and Immortality.

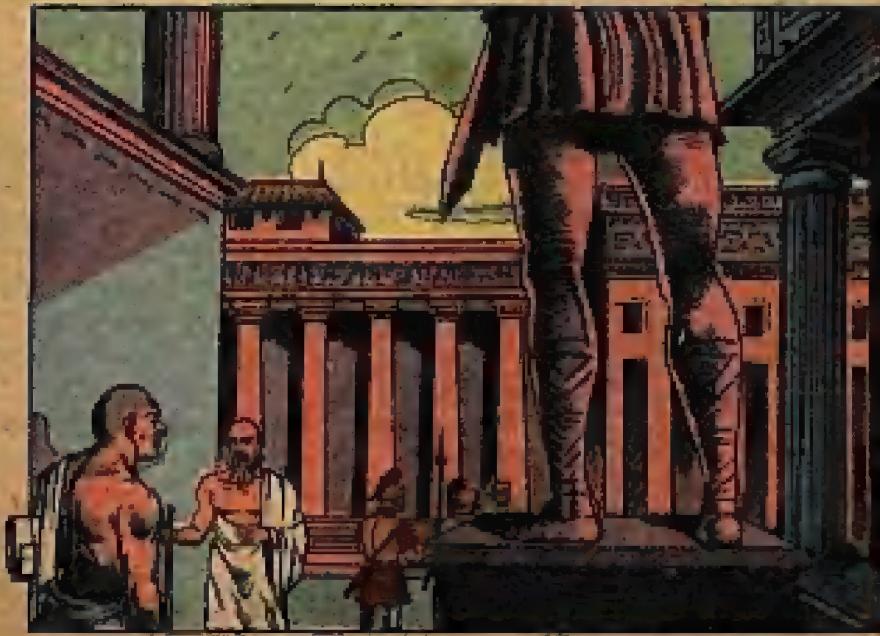
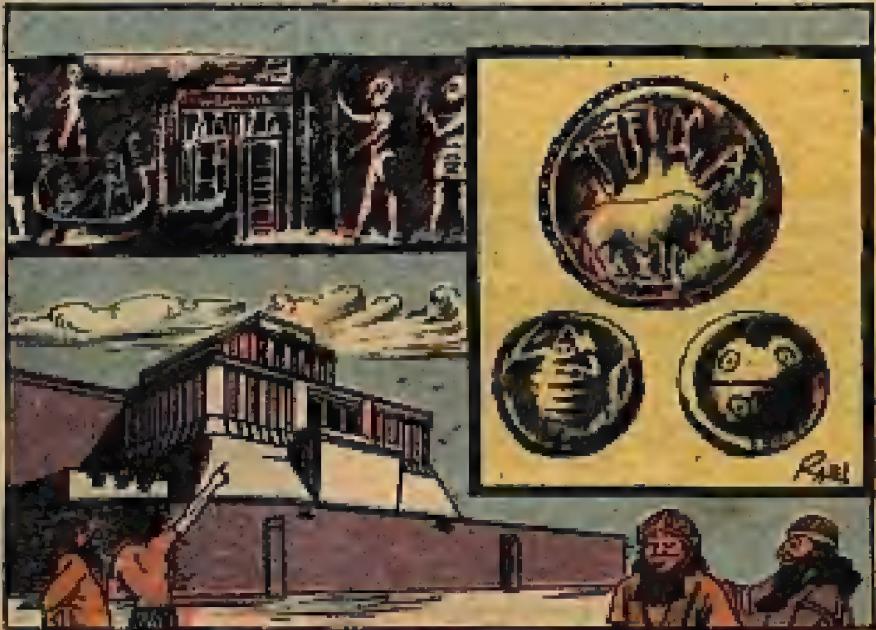


Remnants of highly developed cities and settlements have been found at places like Harappa and Mohenjodaro. They were built more than five thousand years ago. In many respects they were superior to any other city of that time elsewhere in the world.



The Indians were once daring seafarers. They carried their trade and culture to far places. Some scholars believe that the Indians had reached as far as South America in the twilight of civilisation.

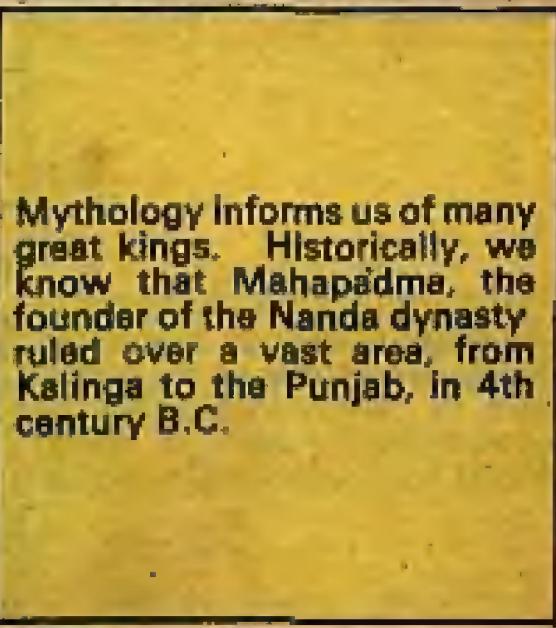
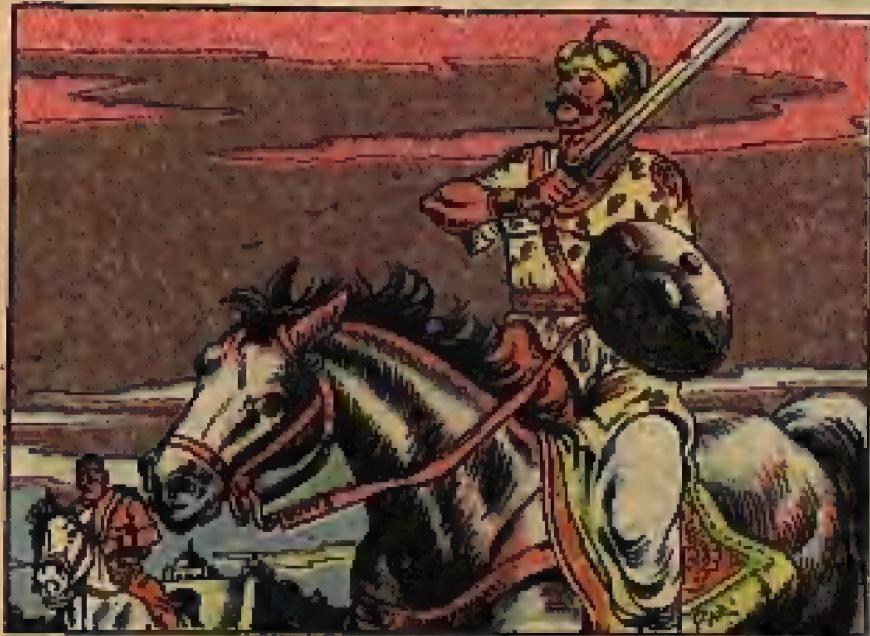
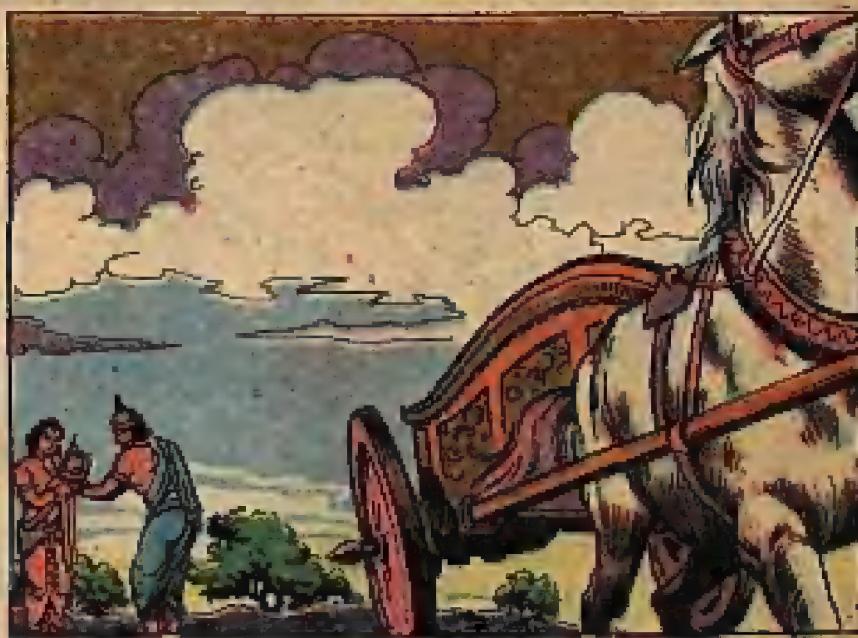
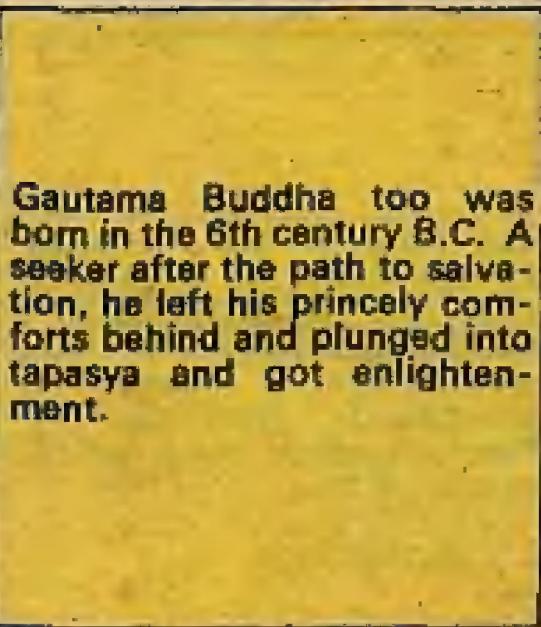
Indian seals have been found in Mesopotamia, one of the oldest civilisations, and Mesopotamian seals have been found at Mohenjodaro, proving that communication existed between the two lands.



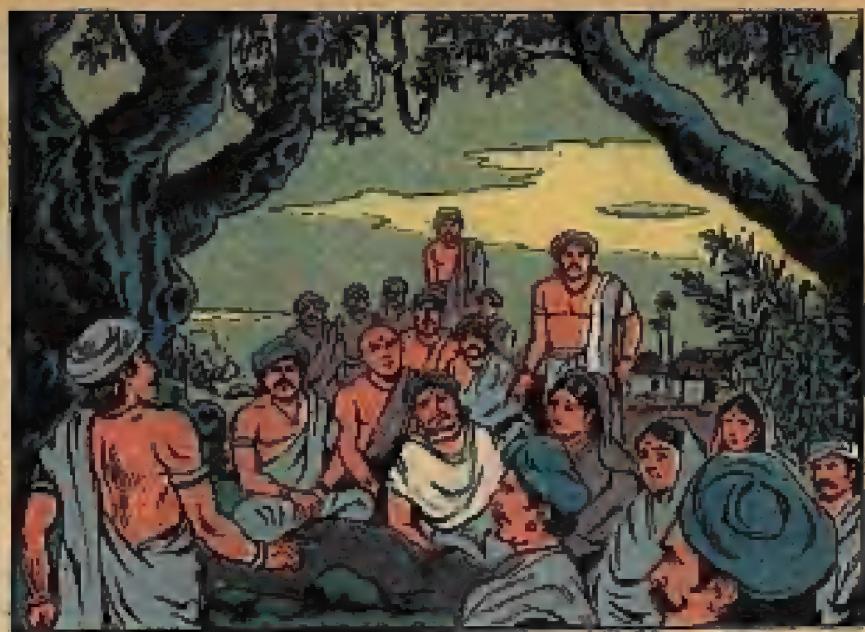
Indian scholars travelled to various lands and met fellow-seekers. One such traveller, we know for certain, had met Socrates, the great Greek savant of 5th century B.C.



India has been the birth place of numerous spiritual and religious doctrines. After the Vedic and the Upanishadic seers, we had in 6th century B.C. Mahavira Jina, the great founder of Jainism.



There were localities which were not governed by kings, but by councils elected by the people. They were a kind of republics. Although divided into a number of provinces, ancient India had a cultural unity.



The fame of India tempted foreign kings to invade it. The first king to lead a martial expedition into India was Cyrus of Persia. He conquered Gandhara in North-Western India, in 6th century B.C.

Two centuries later, Alexander the Great of Greece conquered Persia and nurtured an ambition to march into India by conquering a part of which Persia had been so proud of !



Filling The Pit

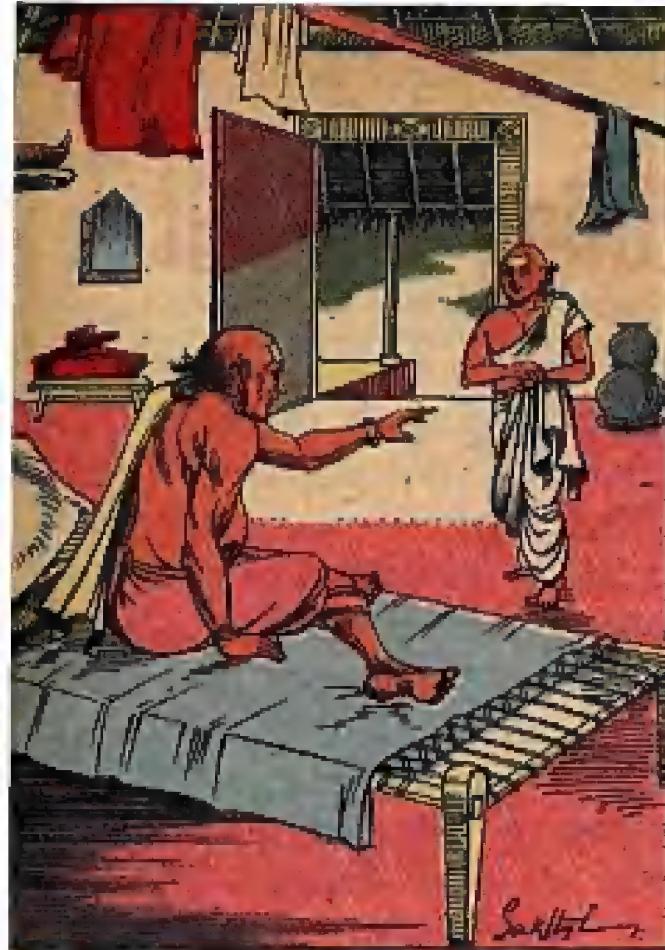
In the holy city of Varanasi lived a Brahmin. He was famous for his learning. Hundreds of young men came to learn lessons from him. They resided around his house.

The Brahmin had formulated a certain code of conduct for all men. If one followed that code, one would lead an ideal life, he thought. It was his desire to make everyone accept the code. He invited all and sundry to his house and made them de-

clare under oath that they will live according to the code.

But very few were true to the oath. Most of those who promised to live according to the code began violating it as soon as they were out of the Brahmin's sight. When the Brahmin came to know of it, he cried out, "Woe to me that I gave my code to that fellow. But, if I do not make all the people accept the code, how can the mankind become one?"





other than Bodhisattva—to proceed to the function.

Bodhisattva went to the merchant's house with a hundred other students. He impressed the audience with his lucid discourse and received a handsome reward.

But, on his return journey, he stopped at a hilly place. He asked his companions to go and hand over the reward to their master. He then took position on a hillock and started throwing stones into a deep gorge below it.

His companions watched his conduct with amazement. "He has suddenly grown crazy!" murmured some of them. To their repeated questioning, Bodhisattva made no reply, but continued throwing stones into the gorge.

His companions divided themselves into two groups. One group remained there to keep guard on Bodhisattva. The other group ran to the Brahmin.

The Brahmin was much pained over his dear student's condition. He rushed to the spot and observed what Bodhisattva was doing.

"What is the sense in throwing stones into the gorge, my boy?" asked the Brahmin.

He persisted in his habit of giving the code of conduct to whomsoever he could. At the same time he went on lamenting the fact that most of those who accepted the code did not abide by it.

One day a rich merchant of a small town near Varanasi invited the Brahmin and his students to his house. The Brahmin was to give a religious discourse to a gathering at the merchant's house and return with a reward.

The Brahmin accepted the invitation, but fell ill on the eve of the appointed day. He asked his best student—who was none

"I propose to bring the whole surface of the earth to one level. After I have filled up all the gorges, holes, ravines and pits, I intend breaking the high hills," replied Bodhisattva.

"But that is impossible, my boy! You may spend the whole of your life throwing stones into this single gorge. Even then I doubt if you can fill it to its half. There are millions and millions of pits and ravines. How can you fill them up? Besides, why should you attempt doing such a thing? Is the nature not beautiful because of its picturesqueness? Must you try to bring everything to the

same monotonous level?" asked the Brahmin.

Bodhisattva stopped throwing stones. He then looked at the Brahmin and said, "My noble teacher, if what I am doing is absurd, what about your doing? Is it ever possible to bring all the human beings to the same level of thought and habits? Besides, will life not become monotonous when all subscribe to the same code of conduct?"

The Brahmin woke up to the truth of what Bodhisattva said. Never did he try thereafter to force anybody to accept his code.

From the Buddha Jatakas





**MAN-MADE
MARVELS**

HIDDEN CITY OF TEMPLES

Mr. Harry Green

Deep in the jungles of Cambodia lay an incredible, deserted city of ruined palaces, halls and temples of great size and beauty.

In the 16th century a Portuguese missionary stumbled upon the city. He reported the discovery to his superiors. Nobody believed him. Few had even heard of Kambuja, the scene of the missionary's discovery, the land known as Cambodia or Kampuchea today. It was just one more traveller's tale, they said.

In 1604 another Portuguese, Quiroga de San Antonio, discovered the lost city for the second time, only to meet with the same disbelief, and in 1672 a French missionary, Pere Chevruuil, fared no better. So the jungle hid the carved temples for another two hundred years, and finally they were discovered for a fourth time by a French naturalist named Henri Mouhot.

He stared in wonder at the crumbling walls, the huge trees growing up through ornate roofs and at the stone lions that guarded the deserted entrances. Carved figures of extraordinary

beauty seemed to watch him through the foliage, and five immense towers shaped like lotus-buds soared up towards the sky.

Legendary City

Henri Mouhot realised that he had stumbled upon the legendary lost capital of Cambodia, and immediately wrote down a report of his find. This time there was no disbelief.

In those days Cambodia was ruled by neighbouring Siam, now Thailand, and there seemed little chance that permission would be forthcoming for a French expedition.

But the wheels of politics turned, and by the end of the 19th century, Angkor, as the area of the ruins was called, had become French territory. The French government made a team of archaeologists, engineers, scholars and architects and sent it out to study and reclaim the lost city in the jungle. Not only to save it from further damage, but also to find out who built it, and why.

It was soon found that the ruins fell broadly into two parts,

Angkor Thom, the old city, and Angkor Wat, the great temple that was soon to be spoken of as one of the wonders of the world. There were, in fact, some 600 temples and other buildings on the site, but Angkor Wat dwarfed them all. The Temple was an enormous masterpiece of ancient architecture, measuring 1,500 by 1,200 metres, with a massive central block rising to a height of 60 metres.

It was a maze of carved galleries, stairways and pinnacles, with 20,000 carved figures showing scenes from religious epics or recounting the achievements of kings who had once ruled in the lost city. The great temple was enclosed by a deep moat, 60 metres wide, and engineered with such skill that the error in its entire circumference was found to be less than two centimetres.

The city of Angkor Thom was also constructed on an immense scale, for the crumbling wall that enclosed it stretched for no less than eight miles. Entered by five magnificent gates, the city was built about an imposing square, the Grand Plaza, which in turn was flanked by stately buildings. Some idea

of the sheer size of Angkor Thom may be judged by an inscription found in one of its many temples. This recorded the startling fact that 306,372 servants from 13,500 villages worked there and consumed 35,000 tonnes of rice every year. The population of the city was apparently between one and two million.

Little by little, French scholars pieced together the story of the men who had built Angkor Thom and Angkor Wat. More than a thousand years ago, the natives of Cambodia, the Khmers, had established the most brilliant civilization in South East Asia.

They put the flood waters of the Mekong River to so successful use that their land produced unfailingly good crops. The army of the Khmers was equally impressive, and included such weapons as fire rockets and arrow firing machines. It was also supported by a special regiment of 200,000 highly trained war elephants.

Captives as Labourers

With armed forces on this scale it was hardly surprising that the Khmers took vast numbers of prisoners from neighbouring countries, and these

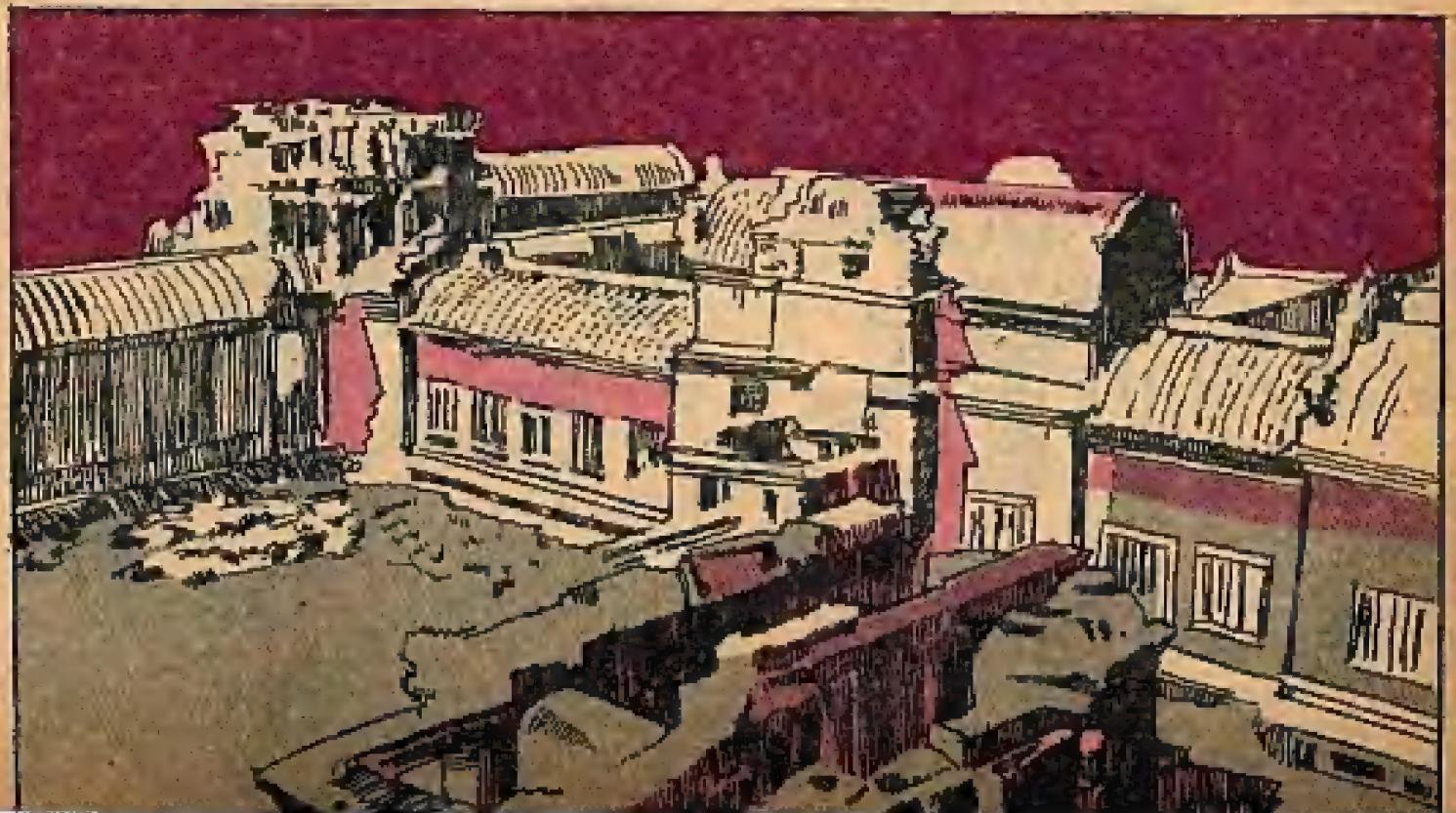
were put to work on building not only temples but also the endless dykes and canals that carried vital water to every field in the land.

About A.D. 900 the Khmer king was Jayayvarman II, a remarkable man who reigned for 48 years as a god-king and built his capital city at Angkor Thom. Tens of thousands of prisoners of war dragged the huge blocks of stone 20 miles from the quarries to the building site. The city grew and flourished in a manner that is said to have surprised even Babylon, but its life was not to be a long one. By the middle of the 15th century the Khmers' old enemies, the Siamese, had grown in strength. They attacked the

city.

After desperate fighting the Siamese were victorious and set about looting and vandalising the captured city. They methodically rounded up not only the able-bodied Khmers and carried them off to Siam as slaves, but also every skilled craftsman they could find. Then they destroyed the intricate irrigation system on which Cambodia's crops depended.

The unfortunate survivors did their best to repair the damage but it was beyond them. Unchecked by barrages, the Mekong flooded, and with the flood water came mosquitoes and malaria. It was the last straw. Angkor was abandoned, and the jungle grew. Within a



very few years, not even the Khmers could remember where the city had been.

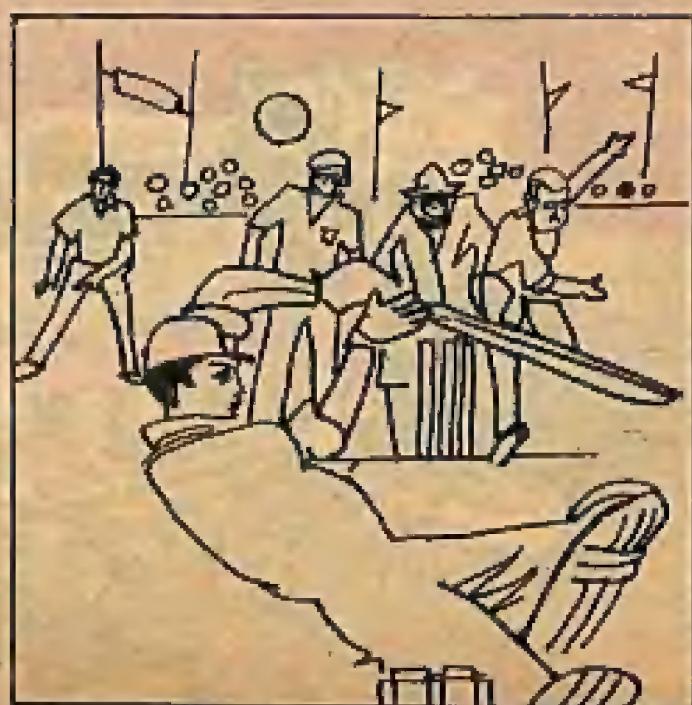
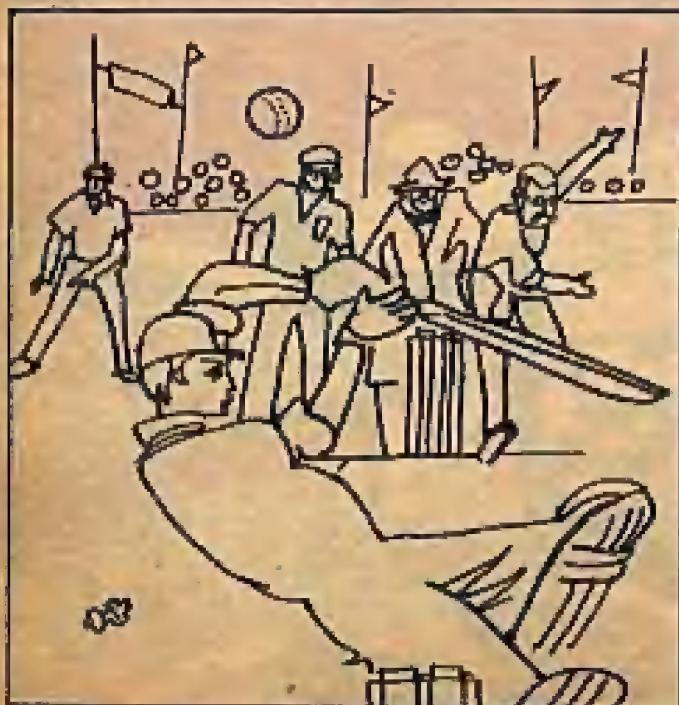
Once it had been found again, the French government poured out money in order to bring Angkor back to a state in which it could be seen for what it undoubtedly was, one of the great manmade marvels of all time. Over the years the experts succeeded brilliantly, but the difficulties that faced them were enormous. The roots of the trees that grew everywhere among the buildings were in many cases actually holding the ancient structures together, while the foliage was protecting

the crumbling sandstone from the harsh rays of the sun.

With the jungle cut, many of the buildings were weaker than before and had to be specially strengthened. Nevertheless, Angkor was slowly brought back to something like its original glory, and visitors from all over the world flew in by way of a special airport to marvel at it.

But today Kampuchea is once again devastated by war and torn apart by internal conflicts. No tourists visit Angkor now, and it may well be that all the years of patient work were for nothing, and that Angkor has been reclaimed by the jungle.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





New Tales of King Vikram,
and the Vampire

WAS THE KING A LOVER OF PEACE?

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. Thunder-claps shook the region. At intervals there was the howls of jackals. Flashes of lightning revealed ghastly faces. Also was heard their eerie laughter.

But King Vikram swerved not. With firm steps he returned to the old tree, climbed it, and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began walking, the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "I am impressed with your courage. But I do not know how far you are steady in your ideas. Shriketu, the king of Sumat, was a brave man too, but unsteady in his decisions. Let me narrate his story to you. That ought to bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Shriketu was the king of a small kingdom called Sumat. His grandfather had been defeated by the powerful king of Vidar-

bha. As a result Sumat was paying an annual tribute to Vidarbha.

In Shriketu's time Vidarbha became weak. The king commanded no awe or respect.

Shriketu's ministers and army-generals told him, "This is the right time for us to declare our independence. Vidarbha might try to punish us by sending its army, but we can easily repulse their attack."

"I am a peace-loving man. I don't really see any gain in such a move. We are paying a nominal tribute. In return, it is Vidarbha's responsibility to protect us from any attack on us

by any other king. If I declare independence and the king of Vidarbha sends his army to punish us, there will be a war. My subjects will suffer. I cannot bear to see their suffering," replied Shriketu.

"My lord, is it not glorious to have independence?" asked the chief minister.

"Independence for whom? So far as my subjects are concerned, I am their king. The king of Vidarbha does not exercise any authority on them. So far as I am concerned, I don't mind showing a nominal allegiance to Vidarbha. I don't see any point in spending my



treasure in war. Why not I spend it for the welfare of my people? What benefit can they have out of our separating from Vidarbha?"

All were convinced that King Shriketu was a man in love with peace.

It so happened that a severe famine struck Vidarbha. There was anarchy in the country. Tens of thousands of starving men and women intruded into Sumat. Many of them turned burglars or bandits.

King Shriketu suddenly summoned his ministers and generals and ordered them to prepare for an invasion of

Vidarbha within twentyfour hours.

As they had least expected such an order, they looked on with surprise.

"No time to waste. The whole operation must be over in a few hours!" the king said again.

Before the sunrise the next day, King Shriketu's army stormed into Vidarbha. The latter never expected this. The King of Vidarbha had no other go than to surrender to Shriketu.

Shriketu occupied the throne of Vidarbha. He at once negotiated with some of the neighbouring kings and borrowed



large quantities of grain for the famine-struck people. He initiated a number of projects and gave employment to the people.

He ruled over both the kingdoms for a long time with justice and firmness.

The vampire paused for a moment and then said, "O King, is it not proved beyond doubt that Shriketu coveted Vidarbha? By claiming that he was a peace-loving man, was he not bluffing? And why was he so eager to grab the land that he attacked it within hours? Answer me, if you can. If you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

King Vikram replied forthwith: "Shriketu was as steady in his ideal as ever. He was indeed a peace-loving man. But his first concern was the

happiness of his subjects. It was for their happiness that he valued peace. When the refugees from Vidarbha harassed his subjects, he deemed it fit to conquer Vidarbha. He could not have brought peace to the area without controlling the affairs of Vidarbha. He shunned war for the sake of his subjects; he went to war for the sake of the same."

"If he did not let any time lapse between his decision to conquer Vidarbha and making the real attack, it was to save bloodshed. His sudden attack did not leave any scope for Vidarbha to organise resistance. In this Shriketu proved courageous and practical."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



A TEST

The wise minister of the King of Kambaj once thought, "I ought to choose a deputy who can shoulder the burden of my office when I retire."

He announced his decision to recruit a deputy and asked the candidates to meet him at a place situated far from the capital.

He interviewed hundreds, but finally selected only two, Dharmadutta and Sumitra. He was to try them further and appoint one of them to the post. He handed over to them a letter addressed to the king, with the instruction that one of them should carry it for the first half of the way and the other one for the remaining half.

Sumitra, while carrying for the first half of the way, could not check his temptation to read it. He passed it on to Dharmadutta hurriedly and left for home, saying that he had no desire for the post.

Dharmadutta reached the court and handed over the letter to the court-jester to be presented to the king.

"Do you know the content of the letter?" they asked Dharmadutta.

"No, my lord, I was not supposed to know it!"

"The letter says that one who hands it over to me ought to be hanged!" informed the king.

"My lord, I'm sorry for your jester. It is he who handed it over to you!" said Dharmadutta.

All laughed. Dharmadutta who proved his faithfulness as well as his presence of mind, was instantly appointed to the post.



THE SENTINEL OVER THE CITY

Dr. Murty took the two boys to Ravi's destination. The house was occupied by some other gentleman. They learnt that the previous occupant of the house—Ravi's uncle—had gone over to Agra. Obviously, he had not received Rayi's letter.

"Don't you worry, Ravi, write a letter home informing your parents that you are with us. I'd arrange to send you to Agra," said Dr. Murty.

"I shall do as you say, sir," agreed Ravi.

After their lunch, the two boys relaxed in Raman's room. Raman's shelf contained a set of excellent books. Ravi took out a magnificent volume on Delhi and opened it. Under the picture of a tall tower were a few words which fascinated him: "Isolated above the surrounding plain, it stands like some mysterious sentinel which has watched the rise and fall of dynasties and of the cities which are visible from its galleries."

"This, of course, is the picture of the famous Qutb Minar!" informed Raman.

"Indeed, I've heard so much

about it!" said Ravi.

Raman realised that Ravi would like to see the monument.

"Father!" he told Mr. Murty, "In our history class we are studying about Qutb Minar. Won't it be useful for me to see it once?"

Dr. Murty smiled. "Surely," he said, "it would be nice to have a look at the Minar even if you were not studying about it!"

They arrived at the site late in the afternoon. Although there were some visitors around, the place was quiet.

"Once it was the very centre of a city—an older Delhi, the town built by the Sakas," said Dr. Murty.

Looking up at the majestic tower, the two boys exclaimed simultaneously, "Wonderful!"

"It is," agreed Dr. Murty. "It is one of the architectural wonders of India."

"Is it true, sir, that it had been originally built by Prithviraj? That is what I read in a book," observed Ravi.

"But our history book says

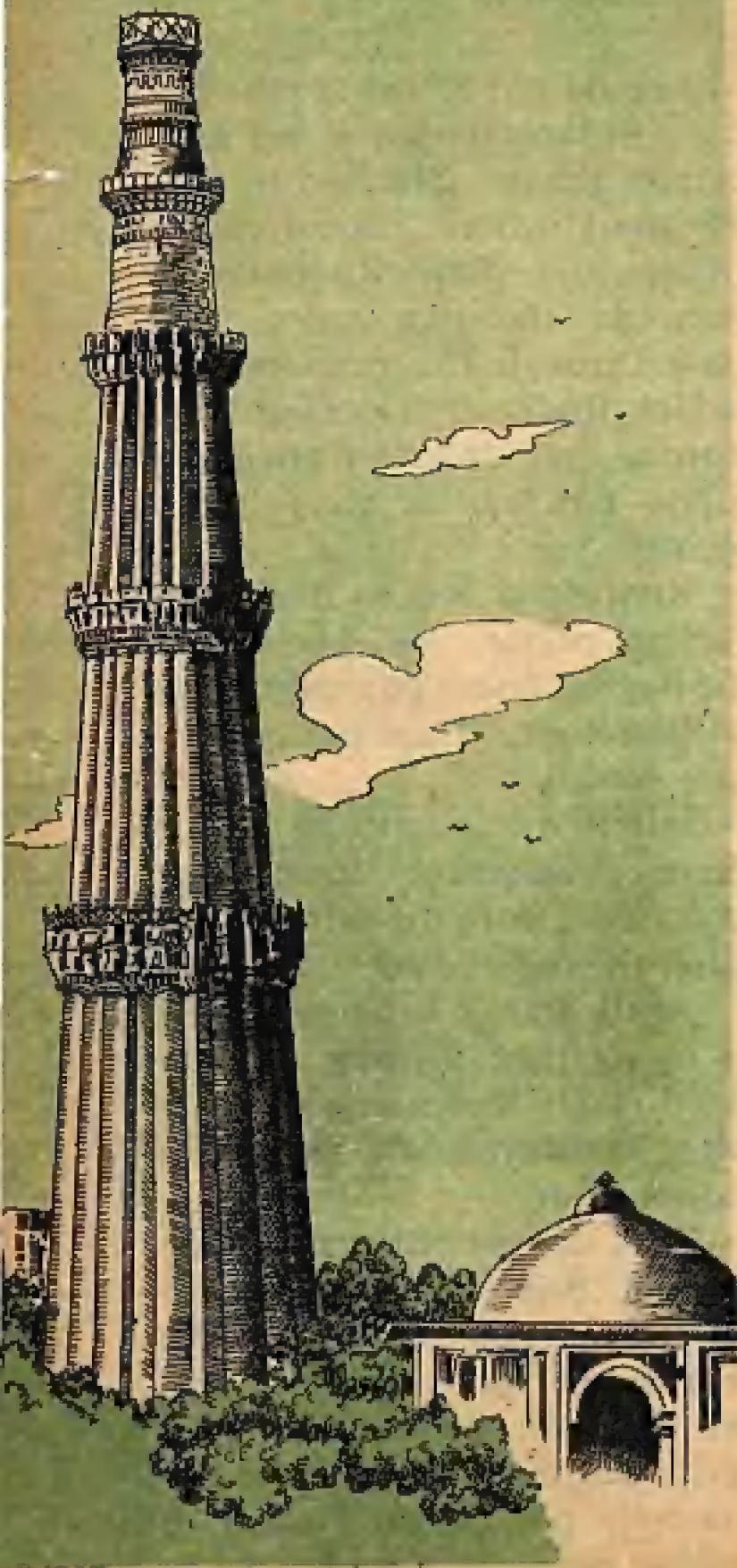
Travels Through India

that it was built by Sultan Iltutmish and was named either after a saint from Ush who lies buried here, or after Sultan Qutb-ud-din Aibak who began the building," said Raman.

"Between yourselves you have stated all the theories about its origin. Some scholars say that it was built by Prithviraj for his wife Samyukta to see the river Yamuna from its top, as well as to commemorate his victory. They call it Prithvi Stambh or Vijay Stambh. But it is generally believed to have been built by Qutb-ud-din Aibak and Iltutmish," said Dr. Murty.

Dr. Murty bought three tickets and led the boys up the 338-foot high five-storeyed Minar. The boys counted the steps. They had climbed 379 of them when they reached the topmost terrace.

They stood thrilled. They felt as if they could fling their arms into the floating clouds. The waves of cool breeze, after the steep climb, were so refreshing—the view of the sprawling city and the colourful horizons was so fascinating!



India of old had many kingdoms. One of them was Kittur. Situated in the North-Western part of Karnataka, it was a prosperous state. Its capital was once a town with many attractions. It was a busy trading centre too.

The rulers of Kittur were known as Desais. They were popular and religious-minded kings. They resided in a beautiful palace inside the strong fort of Kittur. The fort had been built in the 16th century.

The British came to India as traders. Their business firm was known as the East India Company. Soon they grew ambitious and began conquering India chunk by chunk. They did so under various pretexts, by hook or by crook.

In 1816 the noble king of Kittur, Mallasurja, died. He had two sons from his two queens. The elder queen, Rudramma, had handed over her responsibilities to the younger queen, Channamma, whom she loved like her younger sister.

Rani Channamma knew that

she could not afford to pass her time in lamentation at her husband's death. She had to care for the kingdom. She declared Rudrasarja, Rani Rudramma's son, as the new ruler. She saw through the ceremony in which Rudrasarja ascended the throne, her own son attending upon him as his chief body-guard.

Rudrasarja was an intelligent young prince. He knew that he had his ablest guardian in his step-mother. Days passed happily for all.

But it was not to be so for long. Misfortune struck the dynasty. Both the princes, one after the other, died.

Again Rani Channamma had a trying time. When she realised that Rudrasarja's hours were numbered, she made him adopt a son.

With the minor prince on the throne, Rani Channamma had to take upon her the entire burden of the kingdom. But, in this, she proved herself a great success. She became immensely popular—a mother to all the people of Kittur.

But that was the time when the East India Company was growing more greedy than ever. In the situation at Kittur it found an excellent opportunity to satisfy its greed.

Kittur had never come under the Company's authority. However, the rulers of Kittur were paying an annual tribute to the Maratha kings. The British had defeated the Marathas. Thereby they took it for granted that Kittur too had come under their authority.

It was a queer argument. But the Company was in the habit of winking at logic when it concerned their interest.

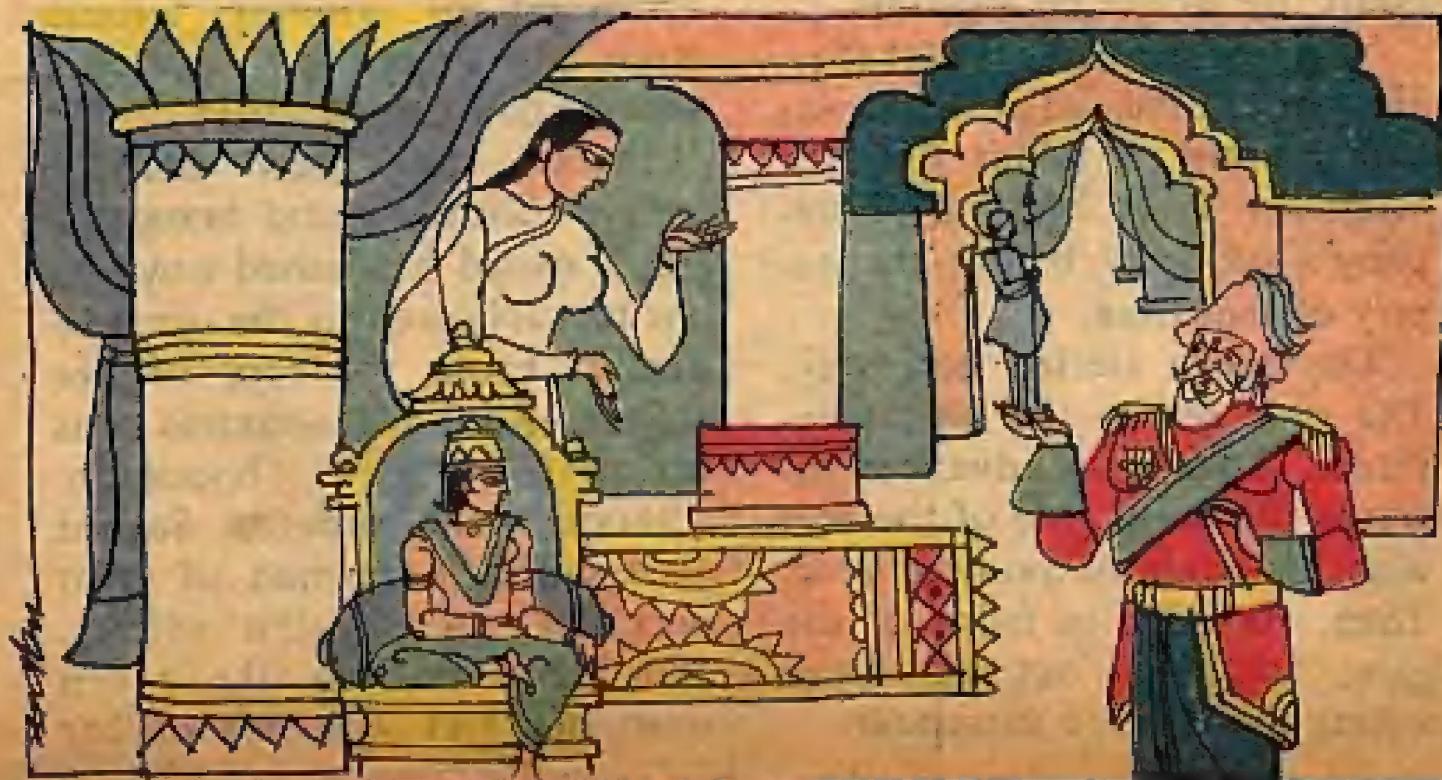
At Dharwar resided the Company's political Agent, Thackeray. He was an arrogant, am-

bitious, and immoral officer.

Thackeray, with his army, reached Kittur and, through a messenger, informed the Rani that since the young ruler had died childless, the kingdom had become the Company's property.

Rani Channamma understood the Agent's wicked intentions. But she sent a nobleman who tried to explain to the Agent that according to the Indian tradition, an adopted son had all the rights of a son and that Kittur was not without an heir to the throne.

But the explanation fell on deaf ears. Thackeray sent a message to the Rani to come over to his camp and have a dialogue with him. The Rani replied that she had excused his audacity





Silence was the only response from the Rani's side. Thackeray ordered his soldiers to storm through the gate. Three of his able captains led his army. They were Black, Sewell and Dighton.

Scarcely had the Company's men entered the gate than the army of Kittur, commanded by Gurusidappa, pounced upon them. It was a resistance the like of which the Company's army had never known.

In a few minutes it had lost all its three experienced captains. The soldiers fell by the dozens. Badly mauled, the rump of the invading army retreated.

Thackeray was mad with fury. Such a humiliating defeat was most unexpected. He was dreaming of winning laurels from his superiors. Now his scheme had turned turtle.

Indeed, he grew literally crazy. Shouting and brandishing a sword he rushed towards the fort followed by the rump of army. From the roof of her palace, Rani Channamma was directing the operation. "Shoot!" she ordered Sayeed Babasab, a marksman of great accuracy. A Muslim soldier, Babasab had been like a son unto her and was one of her

because, as a foreigner, he was perhaps ignorant of the customs of this country. However, if he so desired, he could visit her court; he would be welcome.

This infuriated Thackeray. He set a time. The Rani was called upon to admit that the kingdom had become Company's property before the expiry of that time.

The queen alerted her army. The time set by the Agent expired. Thackeray advanced towards the main gate of the fort with his cannons pointed at it. Then, standing in front of the gate, he yelled out his order asking the Rani to surrender.

trusted bodyguards.

Babasab fired. With his last yell turning into a cry, Thackeray tumbled off his horse. Ram Habsi, an African soldier of the Rani, swooped down upon him and beheaded him.

Thackeray's panic-struck lieutenants had to surrender. They were brought before the Rani as prisoners. "Don't have any fear," the Rani told them. "Now that the battle is over, you'd be treated as our guests, though prisoners."

No doubt, the Rani meant what she said. The prisoners later admitted that they received the most kind treatment.

But the Company did not mean what it said. It mobilised a huge army and came to

Kittur. It informed the Rani that it would make truce if she released the prisoners.

The Rani believed in their word of honour and set the prisoners free. Immediately thereafter the Company's army—twenty times larger than the Rani's army—attacked the palace. -

The Rani gave a fierce battle. But she could not continue it for long because the enemy hit upon her secret ammunition-store and set fire to it.

She was taken prisoner. She would have got her liberty had she declared her allegiance to the Company. But she refused to do so.

She died in 1829 inside Fort Bailhongal.



CONDITION FULFILLED

The wealthy Dinesh Sawoo was in the habit of cheating his servants of their dues. He thought himself clever and found ever new ways to serve his mean purpose.

The day the young Bhim entered his employment, Sawoo told him, "I will pay you your salary at the end of the month only if you have done everything I have asked you to do."

Bhim agreed to the condition and went on working hard. But, on the last day of the month, Sawoo gave him two glasses, one bigger than the other and said, "I ask you to put the bigger glass inside the smaller one!"

Bhim at once let the bigger glass fall on the ground. It got shattered to pieces. He gathered the pieces and put them in the smaller glass.

Fuming with fury, Sawoo shouted, "Pay me the price of the glass!"

But Bhim would not listen to that. The issue went to the village judge.

"Sir, either I had to break the glass and do the task as asked by my master, or take my master as insane. I preferred the first," Bhim explained.

"You prove justified. After all Sawoo had not laid down the condition that the bigger glass had to be kept intact and yet put in the small glass! Of course, if he had done that you would have been right in taking him as insane!"

Sawoo had to pay up Bhim his salary.





THE SAGA OF SHIVA

Blessed by Brahma, Shankhachuda proceeded to Badarikashram. He passed his time in meditation and wandering in that charming Himalayan region.

One day while strolling along a mountain lane, he saw a beautiful girl seated under a tree. She was lost in meditation.

Shankhachuda remained looking at her, amazed. After a long time when the girl opened her eyes, he asked her, "Who are you? What are you doing in this lonely province?"

The girl felt that the young stranger who put the question to her was a hero as well as a person of character. She replied, "I am the daughter of a king named Dharmadhvaja. Tulsi is my name. I was praying for getting a husband who

should be unique in valour. My other aspiration is that I should remain ever faithful to him. May I know who you are?"

"I am the son of a demon king called Dambha. My name is Shankhachuda. I have obtained boons from Brahma which make me invincible in all the three spheres of the creation. The great God had assured me that I should meet my future wife in this holy place," said Shankhachuda.

Before long the young demon and the princess understood that they were meant for each other. They married and passed some time in the Himalayan zone. Then, with his wife, Shankhachuda returned home, to the great joy of his parents. With the blessings of the demon-guru, Sukracharya, Dambha made



Shankhachuda ascend the throne.

Shankhachuda proved himself an able king. All the demons were happy with him. Sometime later some prominent demons met him and told him, "For a long time we had not had a king like you. Your very name overawes the gods. Our forefathers had been subjected to much humiliation by the gods. This is the time to avenge our humiliation."

Shankhachuda requested the demon-guru to find out what would be the auspicious moment to lead a martial expedition to heaven. Sukracharya gave the

time. Shankhachuda made a ferocious attack on the domain of gods.

The battle continued for forty days. It was observed that the gods were losing ground; the demons were growing more and more enthusiastic.

Indra, the king of gods, thought it best to compromise with the demon king. He asked his army to leave the battle-field and went to meet Shankhachuda alone.

"I am deeply impressed by your strength and courage. I should have no objection to your ruling all the three spheres. I should deem it a privilege to hand over my authority to you," said Indra. "Only leave us in peace."

"O King of Gods, you need not surrender your authority to me. I ask you to rule heaven as my viceroy," said Shankhachuda.

Satisfied with the situation, Shankhachuda returned to Shonitpur, his capital. He was declared the King of kings, the sole ruler over the three spheres.

Time passed peacefully for a while. But soon the demon-king found to his dismay that the sages and the Brahmins still worshipped the gods and sent

their prayers and offerings to them, although he was the supreme king. He instructed the demons to harass the worshippers as long as they continued in their old habit.

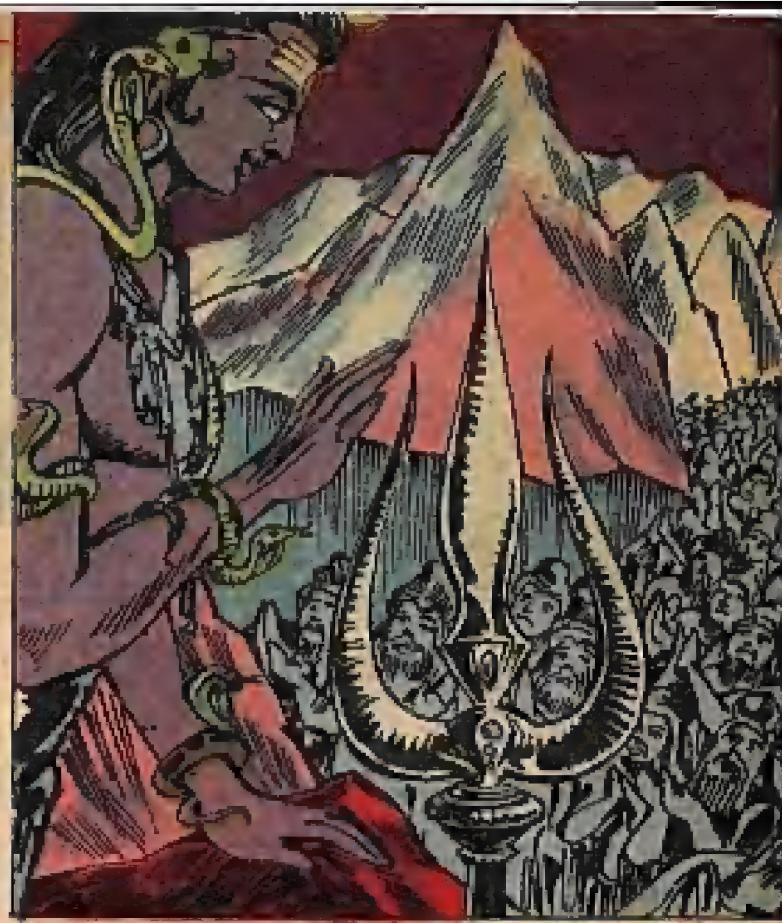
At last the sages went to Vishnu and said that it was high time that an end was put to the demon-king's tyranny.

But Vishnu told them that since Shankhachuda was born with his emanation and Tulsi with Lakshmi's, it would not be possible for him to kill the demon-king.

The sages then met Shiva and prayed to him for his intervention. Shiva was moved. He assured them that he would do the needful.

Narada rushed to Shankhachuda and informed that his capital was likely to be attacked by Shiva's army any moment. Why don't you take the offensive? He asked the demon-king.

The idea appealed to Shankhachuda. Forthwith he marched towards Kailash, followed by a huge army of demons. He was resisted by the Rudras and the Ganas. The battle went on for days together without any sign of retreat on the part of the demons. Shiva concentrated upon

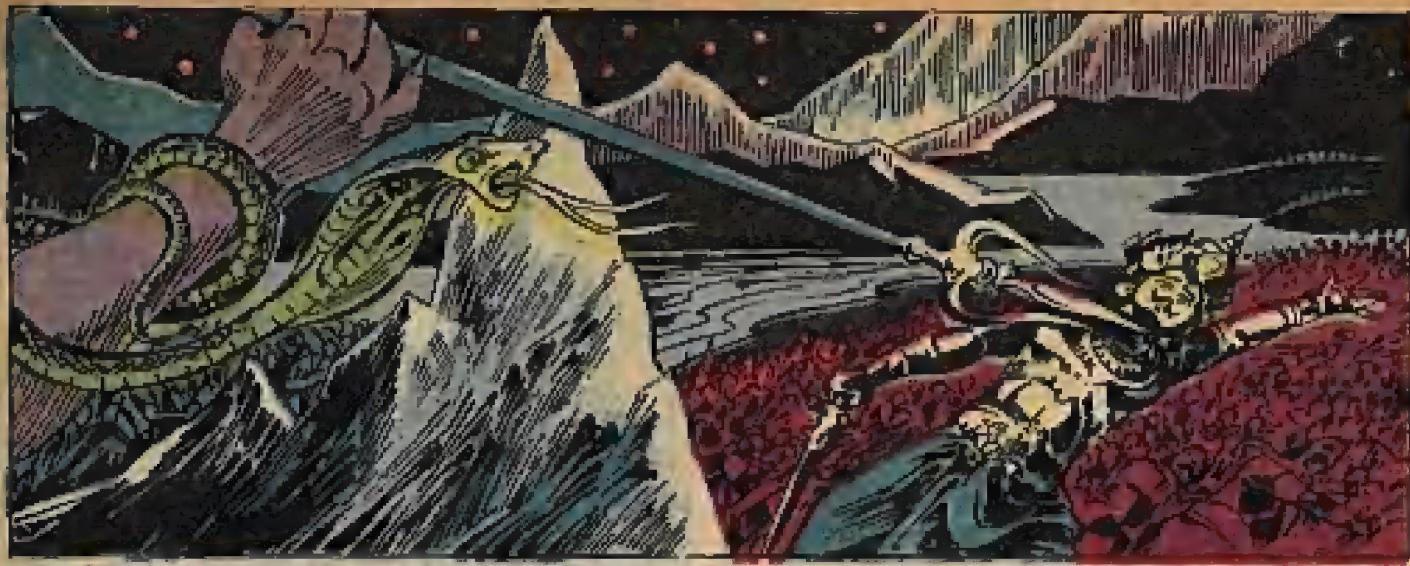


Vishnu and tried to know the mystery of the situation.

"Tulsi, the devoted wife of Shankhachuda, is constantly praying for her husband's protection and victory. Until she has stopped doing that, her husband will prove invincible. But I will presently see that she stops her prayer," Vishnu communicated to Shiva.

Thereafter assuming the form of Shankhachuda, Vishnu proceeded to Shonitpur and appeared before Tulsi. Delighted at the appearance of her husband, Tulsi stood up to receive him.

At once, on the battle field



before Kailash, Shiva's trident pierced the demon-king to death.

But Vishnu could not deceive Tulsi for long. At night when he was asleep, Tulsi saw him in his true form. She understood his trick. Greatly upset, she cursed him saying that he be changed into stone.

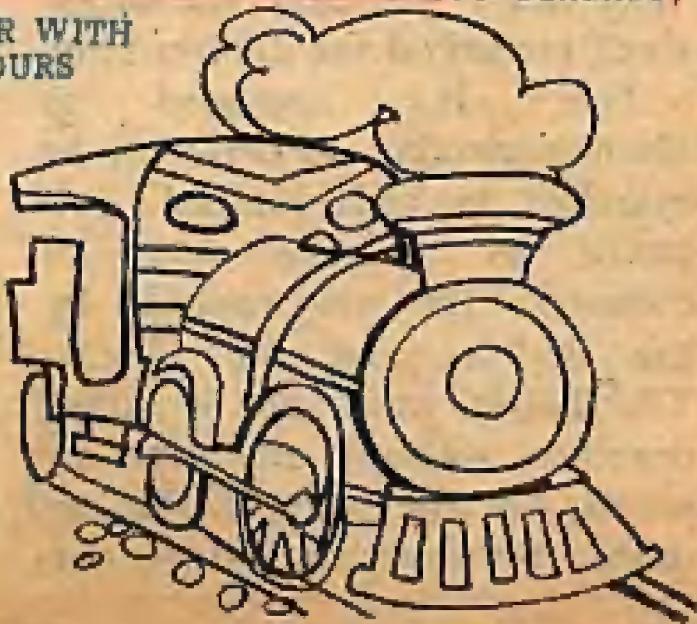
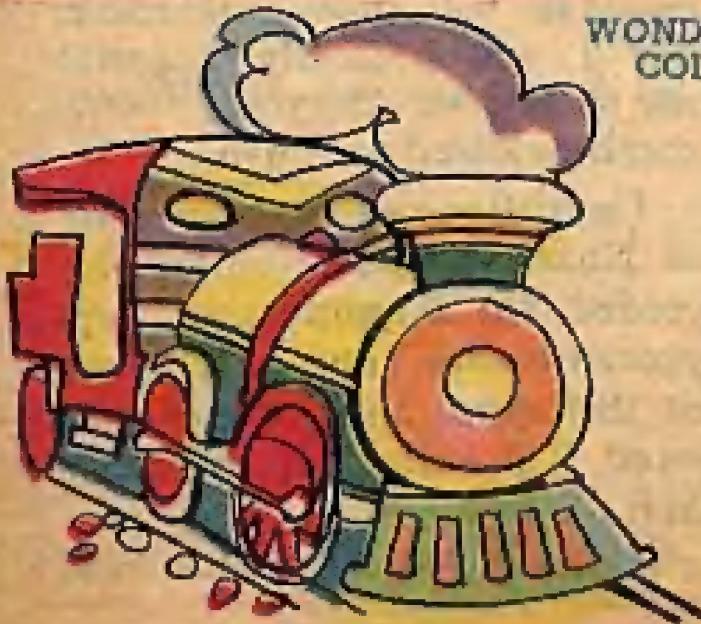
Vishnu woke up and said, "Tulsi, Shankhachuda, in his soul, is no different from myself.

Nor are you in your soul different from Lakshmi. Even then your curse will become effective. I shall be obliged to dwell in the form of stones in the waters of a river, but it is you who must become that river. You will be known as the river Gandaki and I shall be known as the Shalagrams."

Since then the sacred stones, Shalagrams, are found along the bed of the river Gandaki.

To Continue

WONDER WITH
COLOURS



A CHOICE

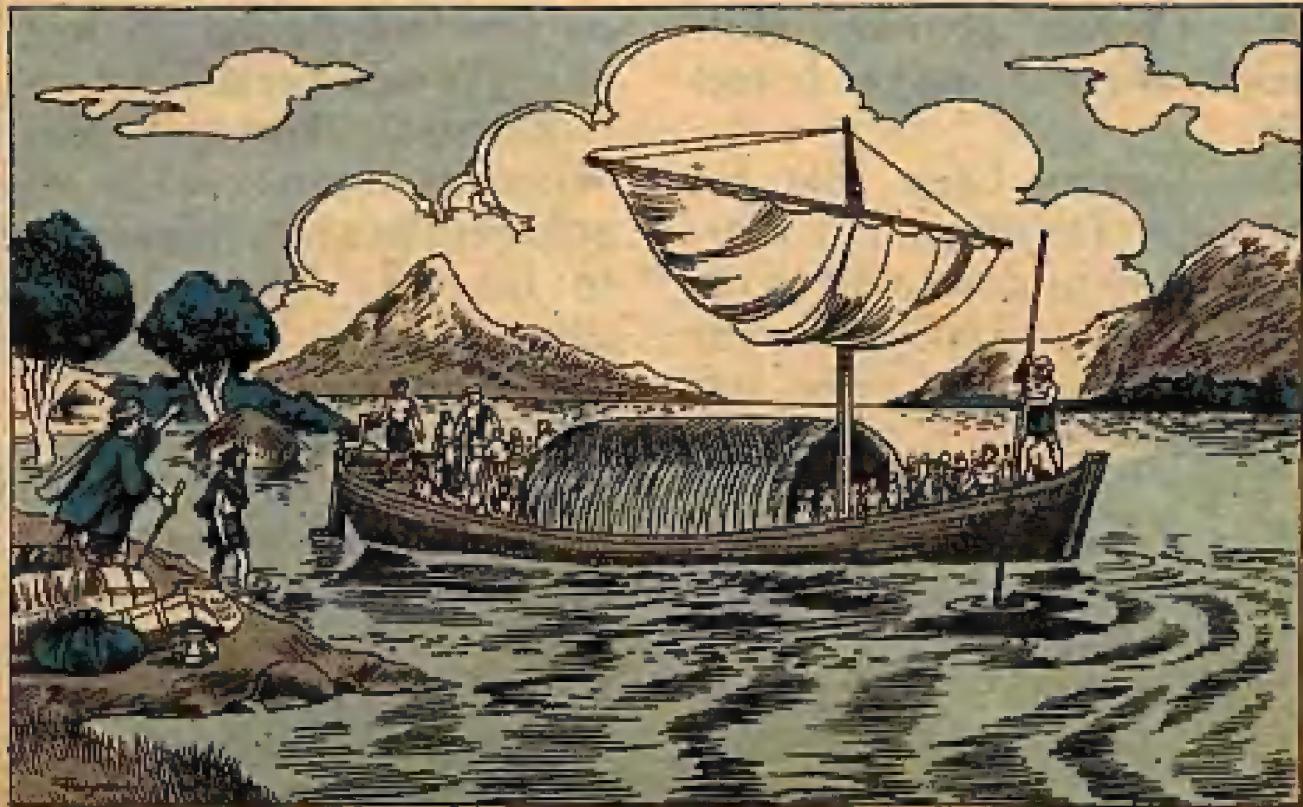
A sudden flood threatened to inundate the village. The villagers decided to escape to a safer place and boarded the only boat they had.

The last to reach the bank were Seth, the richest and the most stingy fellow in the village, and Raghu, a beggar.

"I can take only one more" said the boatman. The villagers voted for the beggar.

"What, you prefer a beggar to me! Are you in your senses?" cried out Seth.

"Look here, Seth, we do not encourage begging. But we must choose him between you two. First, your heavy wealth might sink our boat. Even if it does not, it is of no use to us, for you are not likely to use it for anybody's good. While the beggar will remind us of misery, you will remind us of meanness. Both are bad, but the first less bad. Secondly, the beggar will at least give us a chance to be charitable," explained one of the villagers.





SATISFACTIONS

Ramdas was a poor teacher, earning his livelihood by teaching at a village school. He was married since a year and his wife, Leela, proved quite efficient at managing the household.

One Sunday Leela told her husband, "The festival is nearing. I have to pay a visit to my parents. And this will be my first visit to them since our marriage."

"Right. You ought to go clad in a new saree. I should buy one for you from the market," said Ramdas.

"You are sensible. Buy two. But will just a pair of new sarees do?"

"No? What more must you

have?"

"A gold necklace. That should show how kind-hearted a husband you are. My parents are bound to feel so happy!" said Leela.

Ramdas looked pensive. Where is the money to buy a gold necklace? But his wife came to his aid. "Take these old silver bangles. These are useless. Get a gold necklace in exchange," she advised.

Ramdas felt happy. To be able to get a gold necklace at no extra cost was an exciting thing to do. "You are as sensible as I am," he said, in the way of complimenting his wife.

The very next day Ramdas was in the bazar—at the gold-

smith's shop. But the goldsmith smiled at his bargain. "It is not possible to get a gold necklace even for ten pairs of bangles like this. Gold is pretty costly. Better buy a necklace of imitation gold. It is guaranteed to dazzle like pure gold," he said.

Ramdas was hesitant. But the goldsmith assured him that imitation gold was the fashion of the day. That worked. Ramdas made up his mind to go for it.

Ramdas chose an imitation necklace—the most elegant one. Back at home, he asked Leela to go satisfied with it, promising

her a real gold necklace after a year.

Leela was happy. She went to her parents' house where she declared that hers was a real gold necklace.

Sumati, wife of Leela's brother, Ravindra, was fascinated by the necklace. At night she shed tears before her husband. "Leela's husband could buy her a gold necklace within a year of their marriage. We are married for five years and you haven't bought me even a gold ring!" she complained.

"I'm sorry. I'll buy you a gold chain tomorrow itself," promised Ravindra.



Sumati smiled and thanked her husband.

But, upon meeting the goldsmith the next day, Ravindra realised that to buy a gold chain was not within his means.

"Can you show a necklace that would be cheap but look like gold?" he asked.

"Why not!" responded the goldsmith and he displayed a pair of necklaces one of which looked exactly like Leela's. Ravindra bought that one.

"This is made of imitation gold. But, be sure, I'll buy one of pure gold at the earliest opportunity," Ravindra assured his wife while giving her the gift.

Sumati was delighted to see that her necklace, though not of gold, looked no different from the gold necklace of Leela. Nevertheless, she declared it to

be made of pure gold.

In their hearts both Leela and Sumati grew jealous of each other, each under the impression that while her necklace was not gold, the other's was!

Leela had gone to take bath. Sumati stealthily entered her room. She picked up Sumati's necklace and kept her own one in its place. She was happy that the real gold necklace was now in her possession.

When Sumati went to take bath, Leela did the same thing as quietly as possible. She was satisfied that the gold necklace had come to her.

And they did not bother their husbands by demanding gold necklaces. Though both were in possession of their own imitation necklaces, each thought that she had usurped the other's gold necklace!



AN EMPEROR'S SORROW

Alexander the Great (356—323 B. C.), the King of Macedonia, who conquered many lands, had a friend called Hephaestion. The friend took ill and his physician put him on a strict diet. But an emperor's friend obeys no physician! He ate a roasted fowl and drank up a flagon of iced wine. The result was, he died. Alexander, sad and angered, crucified the physician, ordered every horse and mule in Persia to be shorn. As if that was not enough, he put to death all the adults of a few villages as a sacrifice to the spirit of his dead friend!

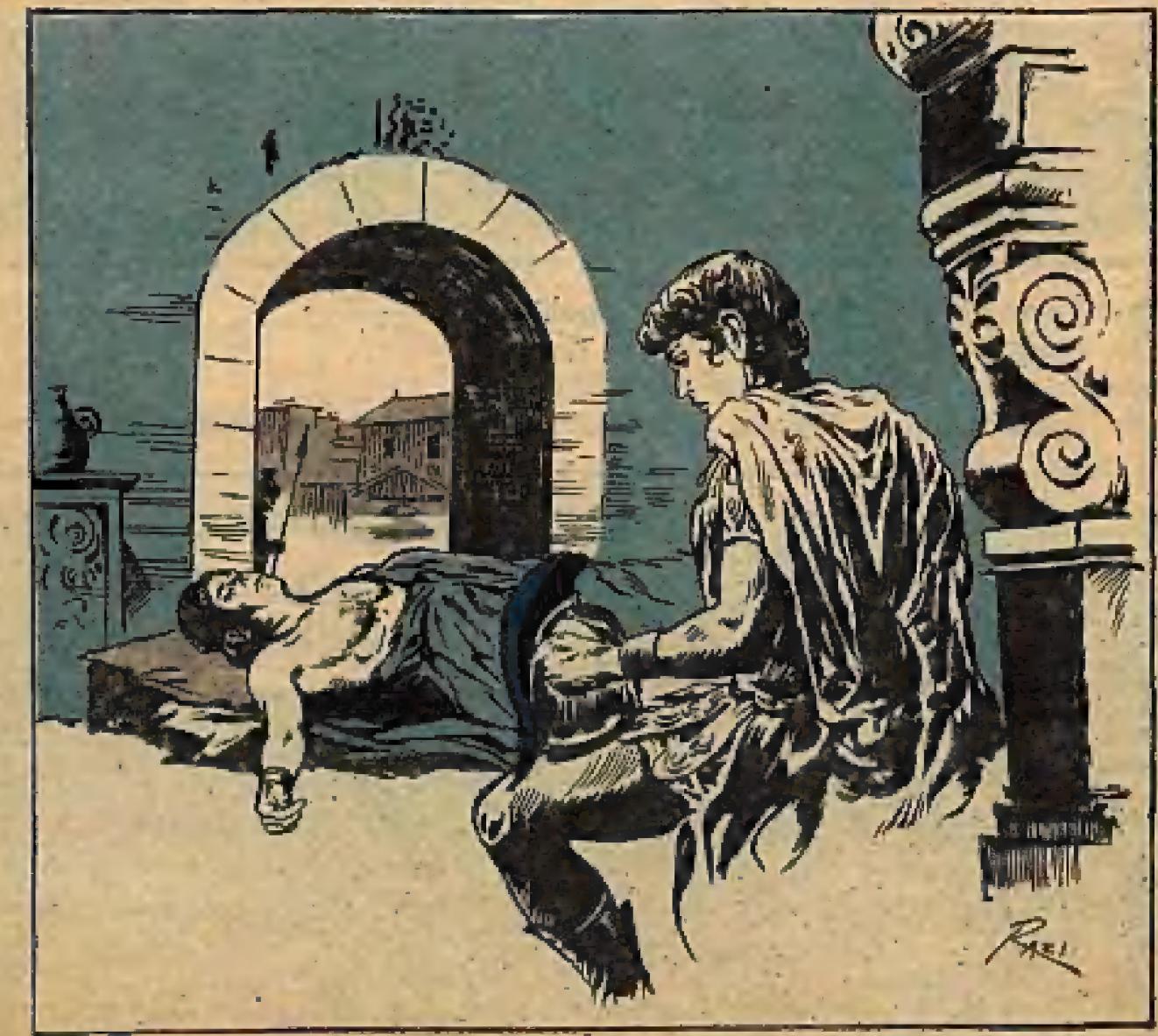


PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. K. Satyanarayana Prasad



Mr. B. M. Chopra

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs .25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for the November '79 goes to:

Ms. Radha V. Menon, 50, R. B. I. Colony,
Anandnagar, Hebbal, Bangalore 560 024.

The winning Entry: 'Young Imagination' - 'Unsung Demonstration'



PICKS FROM
OUR MAIL BAG

Dear Sir,

Your magazine deserves sincere praise for having thrown much light on the life of Miss Annie Sullivan (October 1979), the unassuming mentor of the famous Miss Helen Keller. I had longed to know about Miss Sullivan. Thank you very much!

Miss Lakshmi Iyer.

Hooray for Asoka Glucose milk Biscuits!



Unwrap a new kind of freshness.

Have the time of your life.

Enjoy crisp, ASOKA GLUCOSE MILK BISCUITS

Hygienically made in modern,
German, electrically controlled plant.

Delicious and Fresh.

Energy-packed.

Buy a pack for your family today!



Asoka Biscuits Hyderabad, A.P.
Manufacturers of Asoka Craspo and Craspocrack.



**Give us
Bubblegum
or else...**



AN
NP
PRODUCT

Imageads-NP-2p

**MOTHERS !
HERE'S TENDER
CARE FOR
YOUR BABIES**



Super-soft, extra absorbent,
hygienic and easy to change—
TINY CARE Nappies come in a
variety of types and styles—
for the new born as well as
the toddler. TINY CARE
Nappies made of double-
layer 100% Cotton Diaper
Cloth- reusable too.

Tinycare
NAPPIES

A quality product of **SUCHITA INDUSTRIES**, Bangalore-2

Available at all leading children's
Garments Stores

Dattaram-SI-IA

Hooray for Asoka Glucose milk Biscuits!



ANY
TIME IS
ASOKA
TIME

Unwrap a new kind of freshness.
Have the time of your life.
Enjoy crisp, ASOKA GLUCOSE MILK BISCUITS
Hygienically made in modern,
German, electrically controlled plant.
Delicious and Fresh.
Energy-packed.
Buy a pack for your family today!

ASOKA

Asoka Biscuits Hyderabad, A.P.
Manufacturers of Asoka Craspo and Craspocrack.

RAM & SHYAM

IN A CLOSE ENCOUNTER



AT THEIR WINDOW, IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, FROM OUTER SPACE-A MAN IN SIGHT.



WONDERING WHETHER TO RAISE AN ALARM, HE STEPPED UP AND GAVE THEM A CHARM.



"WHAT'S THIS? LOOK, A MUSICAL BOX, THAT NOT ONLY SINGS BUT ALSO TALKS!"



"HE'S FRIENDLY THOUGH HE LOOKS STERN, LET'S GIVE HIM SOMETHING IN RETURN!"



A WATCH, A TOY, A RADIO, BUT LO! TO EVERYTHING, HIS ANSWER IS NO!



SUDDENLY, TO RAM A BRAINWAVE-ENOUGH TO MAKE THE STRANGER RAVE!



"GOODBYE, BUT BEFORE YOU GO AWAY, WELCOME TO MORE POPPINS ANY DAY!"



LIKABLE
LIKEABLE
LOVABLE

PARLE

POPPINS FRUITY SWEETS



5 FRUITY FLAVOURS-
RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE, LEMON,
ORANGE AND LIME.